

# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

*For The House of Israel*

By DAVID GOLDSTEIN

*The Deliverer in Bonds*

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

*America's Starving Youth*

By PHILIP JOHNSON

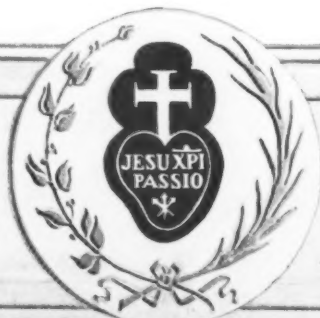
*The Passionists in China*

LETTERS FROM OUR MISSIONARIES

Vol. 9, No. 7

February, 1930

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A NATIONAL CATHOLIC  
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

### CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1930

AN AD WITH A MORAL.....	386
By Father Harold Purcell, C.P.	
CURRENT FACT AND COMMENT.....	387
Four Outstanding Events of 1929—Again the Color Line—The Hubert Bequest— Senator Sheppard's Proposed Law—Evan- gelical Christianity—Retreats: The Pope's Remedy.	
CATEGORICA .....	390
Edited by N. M. Law.	
SOME CHURCHES OF ROME.....	393
By Peter F. Anson.	
THE DELIVERER IN BONDS.....	397
By Francis Shea, C.P.	
AMERICA'S STARVING YOUTH.....	399
By Philip Johnson.	
THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.....	401
By E. M. Almedingen.	
SALVATOR .....	405
By P. J. O'Connor Duffy.	
THE BLUE LETTER PAPER.....	406
By Ethel King.	
THE SIGN POST.....	409
THE COUNSELLOR .....	414
By Anna Blanche McGill.	
TO A MEXICAN MARTYR.....	420
By H. H. G. Rope.	
THE BRIDGE-BUILDING BROTHERHOOD.....	421
By Edmund B. Maloney.	
FOR THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL.....	423
By David Goldstein.	
LOURDES IN SILENCE.....	424
By Cyril Barker, C.P.	
THE GUILTY ONE.....	425
By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.	
THE FAITH OF ST. FRANCIS.....	426
THE BIRTH OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.....	427
By Clarence F. Burkhardt.	
CROSS OR CRUCIFIED?.....	429
By Charles F. Ferguson.	
"IF I WAS GOD".....	430
By James B. Yelants.	
SAINT BRIGID .....	432
By Pierce Oge.	
INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS.....	433
THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA.....	435
GEMMA'S LEAGUE .....	446

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# An Ad With A Moral

—BUT THE MORAL IS MORE IMPORTANT



IN ADVERTISING "The Spirit of Catholicism" by Dr. Karl Adam, the publishers, the Macmillan Company of New York, state that "Today there is a remarkable interest shown in Catholicism. This is true for two reasons: (1) The imposing fact of the long continued existence of the Church in full vigor, and (2) The moral and intellectual needs of the modern man."

They then quote two commendations of the book. *The Outlook* (which has never been noted for its liking of anything Catholic) says "a book for those Protestants who sincerely want to know what the great Catholic Church is and does." Mr. H. L. Mencken, Editor of *The American Mercury*, writes: "His [Adam's] defense of the Romish theology and polity is one of the most effective that I have ever encountered. The gentle, ingratiating approach of Cardinal Gibbons in 'The Faith of Our Fathers' is not in it; instead there is a passionate eloquence that is obviously the offspring of profound and immovable conviction."

In writing this my purpose is not to give a free ad to the publishers, though I should be happy to see Dr. Adam's book have an immense sale. My purpose is to show that the Macmillan Company (which is not a Catholic concern) realizes, as so many other non-Catholic publishers realize, that there is a "remarkable interest shown in Catholicism." These publishers are not investing money in the output of Catholic books for the sake of the Church. They are not propagandists of Catholicism. They know that the right sort of Catholic book *sells*. And not among Catholics only. There is a large class of "Protestants who sincerely want to know what the great Catholic Church is and does."

These Protestants can be reached by Catholic literature in periodical and book form. Their desire for the truth should stimulate every convinced Catholic to spread Catholic literature. *We have the truth*. And we are utterly unworthy of it unless we are willing to bring it to others. The vast majority of us are inarticulate when it comes to explaining the Faith. But even the poorest of us can buy a Catholic book or periodical and put it where it will do good. Only the Catholic Church can satisfy "the moral and intellectual needs of the modern man."

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.



EDITED AND PUBLISHED  
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MONASTERY PLACE  
UNION CITY, N. J.

All Money Accruing  
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# The Sign

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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Volume Nine

February, 1930

Number Seven

## Current Fact and Comment

### Four Outstanding Events of 1929

THE YEAR 1929 has been a year of great anniversaries and great events: the anniversaries including the Holy Father's sacerdotal golden jubilee and the centenary of Catholic Emancipation; the events including the signing and ratification of the Lateran Treaty and the Beatification of the English Martyrs.

On the first day of the year rumors were circulating persistently to the effect that the Roman Question was about to be eliminated. And in the last month of the year the Holy Father left the Vatican and passed through Rome to say Mass on his jubilee day at the Basilica of St. John Lateran.

The signing of the Treaty was followed by special demonstrations of loyalty and thanksgiving in this country. In many instances they formed a part of the celebrations which marked the centenary of the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829.

The outstanding event of the year took place on February 11, the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, when Cardinal Gasparri and Signor Mussolini met to sign the Lateran Treaty and thereby to secure full recognition of the Papal Sovereignty.

A few weeks before, 1929 had been proclaimed as a Jubilee Year in honor of the fiftieth anniversary of the Holy Father's ordination. Thus the solution of a problem which many had come to regard as insoluble was reached at a most appropriate time.

The Treaty was formally ratified by the Holy See and by Italy on the Feast of the Sacred Heart and was followed during this month by a State visit of the King and Queen of Italy to the Vatican.

During the year, too, the Holy See concluded important negotiations with other Governments, including Mexico, where the bitter persecution of the Church, instituted by ex-President Calles, came to an end, and Germany. It was rumored, by the way, in December,

that the French Government was in communication with the Vatican with a view to agreement on matters affecting the relations between Church and State in France.

The ending of disputes and persecution provided a remarkable accompaniment to the examination of the cause of the Venerable English Martyrs by the Sacred Congregation of Rites. Two hundred and fifty-two names were in the original list, but when the decree *de Tuto* was read the number had been reduced to 136. In addition the Ven. John Ogilvie, the Scottish Martyr, was admitted to Beatification and the Holy Father stated that the cause of the remainder would be reconsidered by the Congregation.

The ceremony of Beatification took place at St. Peter's on December 15, within a week of the Holy Father's jubilee. An English pilgrimage, headed by the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, was in Rome at the time, and those who had been present also at the Emancipation celebrations in England were privileged to see the centenary year brought to a glorious close.

Other Beatifications during the year were those of Blessed Claude de la Colombiere, S.J., and Blessed John Bosco, founder of the Salesians.

The Emancipation celebrations in Great Britain and Ireland were held in many dioceses and were attended by great numbers of people. In London the chief of these was at Westminster Cathedral on April 13, when High Mass of Thanksgiving was offered by the Cardinal Archbishop, and in September, when an open-air altar was erected in the Cathedral precincts for the occasion of the National Catholic Congress.

In Ireland the Centenary Celebration was even more impressive. Perhaps that Catholic country has never witnessed such a marvelous demonstration as the open air Mass in Dublin. Special honor was tendered the memory of Daniel O'Connell, The Liberator.

There were other centenaries of remarkable interest.

These included the fourteenth centenary of Monte Cassino, the cradle of Benedictine monarchism, at the celebrations of which the Holy Father was represented by Cardinal Gasparri the fifth centenary of St. Joan; the tenth centenary of St. Wenceslas; the eleventh centenary of St. Ansgar, Apostle of Sweden.

## Again the Color Line

**B**ETHEL Evangelical Church in Detroit considered the application of two Negroes for membership, and finally drew the color line. Thereupon the pastor and the director of religious education resigned in protest against the action of the congregation. *The Baptist* comments:

We had hoped to say nothing of the incident, but readers are beginning to inquire. It is easy to speak foolishly. What shall we say? Was the affair wisely handled? We do not know. Has the local church a right to prescribe its own terms of membership? It has. It also commits itself to the consequences of its prescription, whatever they may be. Is it advisable under existing circumstances for whites and Negroes to belong to the same local church? The answer depends upon existing circumstances. Is it fundamentally wrong for whites and Negroes to belong to the same church? Certainly not. Is the color bar in church membership a breach of Christian fellowship? It is, if so intended, and received, not otherwise, but it puts a strain upon Christian fellowship. Is the color bar to church membership advisable on principle as a universal practise? By no means. What advice should be given to a local church on the subject? To follow the spirit of Christ and common sense, with a heavy and adventurous balance in favor of the spirit of Christ. What is the final outcome? 'Final' is a long way off, but finally God himself will remove the church that can not remove the color bar."

While we heartily commend the sentiments of *The Baptist*, we cannot help but reflect on the fact that the situation which arose in the Detroit could not possibly happen in a Catholic Church. But, then, the Catholic Church is catholic, not only because she is found everywhere but also because she welcomes all peoples irrespective of race or color.

## The Hubert Bequest

**B**EFORE a man dies and leaves a million dollars the thought may occur to his mind that he ought to give some of it to charity. But making bequests in such a way as to do the most good is not always an easy thing. Making money is difficult, but it is more difficult to traffic with it wisely, once it is made. Poverty has its problems, and so has wealth.

Conrad Hubert lauded on these shores a penniless emigrant. Through industry and perseverance he amassed a fortune of about twenty million dollars. When he died he willed one-third of his estate to worthy causes. But since he was so occupied in making money he knew not where to bestow his wealth to the best advantage. After providing for his relatives he willed

the remainder of his estate, \$6,000,000, to charity. He hit on the scheme of directing his executors to choose three public-spirited men, acquainted with the needs of the country in religious, social, and scholastic spheres, who would disburse the bequest in his name. The executors were fortunate in obtaining men so eminently qualified as ex-President Coolidge, ex-Governor Smith, and Julius Rosenwald. After a survey of the various works conducted by religious, social, and academic agencies—a survey extending over a period of eight months—these men selected thirty-four institutions who were to receive the money amassed by the one-time penniless Conrad Hubert. The first group received an amount totalling \$3,600,000. outright. The second and third groups will receive the remainder when the estate is liquidated.

The awards were made with a discriminating and impartial hand. Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish institutions were named as beneficiaries. Of course, more petitions were made to the board than could have been answered. No one can justly complain if many institutions were not benefited. It was impossible to assist all. But those named were worthy.

The Hubert experiment should prove inducement to wealthy people to enlist experienced and impartial citizens in disposing of large estates. It will help to disburse money in a manner calculated to do the most good, and will relieve persons embarrassed with wealth from burdening their souls at their hour of passing.

## Sen. Sheppard's Proposed Law

**S**ENATOR SHEPPARD of Texas may prove himself a dangerous friend of Prohibition. The law he has in mind, that would make the buyer of alcohol as guilty as the seller, has already occasioned a dispute that may end in deposing water as the national beverage by law established. Strange doctrine is being invoked in the clash of opinions that reverberate with unholy sound in the wake of Senator Sheppard's zeal.

*The American Church Monthly*, an organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church, is so offended at the indorsement given by the Los Angeles Federation of Churches to Senator Sheppard's proposed law that it does not hesitate to say that Prohibition is not a religious question. We doubted our eyes when we read this. We are aware that a dispute can easily slip into acrimonious wrangling where words are apt to express temper more than conviction; but there has been no mutual mud-throwing so far in the verbal exchange; and even if there were, it would be hard to understand how any Protestant periodical could, in its worst display of temper, go so far as to say that Prohibition was not a religious question. Such a contention is so much at variance with all that has been prattled, preached, and printed by "the moral forces" of the country for years past, as to merit the stigma of deep-dyed heresy. It would not be fair to conclude that a question is a religious one on the evidence that it has been the theme of pulpit oratory in Protestant churches for a number of years. With that reasoning almost any question—from the size of circus posters to the sale of second-hand saw dust—could be held to be a religious one.

But unless *The American Church Monthly* has been in the thrall of a Rip Van Winkle siesta it could not have failed to observe that meetings, conferences, leagues, lobbies, organized under Protestant auspices for the furtherance of Prohibition, have been all along proclaiming that enforced abstinence from alcohol is the greater part, if not the whole, of the kingdom of God on earth.

We are not concerned with the wisdom or folly of Senator Sheppard's proposed law. But we would advise him, if he has any regard for the exalted legislative prestige that water now enjoys, to refrain from activity that can engender a controversy in which the fantastic doctrine is advanced that religion has nothing to do with the national beverage.

The spread of that teaching would mean the end of the aqueous theology that is the support of Prohibition; and would open the way for the dangerous belief that water is not the only safe convivial companion, in the realm of liquid, for free-willed Americans.

## Evangelical Christianity

**H**YOUNG minister who withholds his name is tired of it all—of all the suppers, bowling alleys, entertainments, general ballyhoo that he finds necessary to hold his flock together. Writing in *Scribners* he sings his jeremiad:

I am heartily sick of a religion based almost entirely upon an attempt to legislate man into the kingdom of heaven. To be sure, here is a religion that people can understand. It's an attack that has an objective in the local movie palace; men know what the parson's talking about; he knows what he's talking about; he gets all excited about it; the congregation responds; and, consequently, a good time is had by all. No doubt that is why sermons on the fate of the lost soul were once hailed with hallelujahs. Every man in the church knew the very derelict who was even then suspended over the bowels of Gehenna. Here was something concrete. Some men were frying, others were twanging a harp, and the whole plan of salvation was blocked out with a square and compass.

But is all this Christianity? The deep spirituality of Jesus, I take it, is quite another matter. You can't block that off or pare it down mathematically. It's an overflowing spirit that can be neither defined nor confined. There is hardly a "don't" in Christianity as taught by its Founder. But the religion of the evangelicals is more negative than it is anything else. Mencken and his disciples have some cause to rave. For if there was anything that Christ taught, it was the utter folly of attempting to ram Christianity down a man's throat, or legislate it down or club it down. But the Protestant Church has become identical with just that spirit. Men stay out of the Church because they're afraid they'll have to give up something—smoking, a morning nip or nightcap, or Sunday golf. They are under the impression that the whole business of Christ was forbidding things. As a matter of fact, where the spirit of God is, there is liberty. And the duty of the Church is not to prohibit, but to give man new incentives, new motives,

and new loyalties. Christ did not free by taking away, but by endowing man with what has been called "the expulsive power of a new affection." And yet the Church has spent the greater share of its time driving out the Demon Rum or the Demon Nicotine, getting the house "empty, swept, and garnished," only to let the old inhabitant return with "seven other spirits more wicked than himself." True morality, like anything else, is heart-born. You can't force me to love my neighbors. Neither can you make me morally clean if in my heart I want to be otherwise. Take Bourbon away from me, and I'll resort to white mule. Granting that some reform is certainly necessary, my contention is that it is not the chief business of the Church. The Church was not founded to set up anti-societies, but to implant in man's heart a love for Christ and, therefore, a love for right. A hopeless ideal? Perhaps. But "blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness."

Our sympathies go out to the young cleric. At the same time we congratulate him on discovering so early in his ministerial life that Protestantism's chief pretence to being a religion is largely based on moral reform and social service.

## Retreats: The Pope's Remedy

**D**ECLARING that the principal source of modern evils is the want of reflection, the Holy Father has issued a call to every member of his flock, from the highest to the lowest, to go into retreat regularly for meditation and prayer.

His Holiness makes this appeal in the first of the Encyclicals to which he referred at the Consistory last December.

The Pope says that the importance and necessity of such retreats and prayer are particularly important at the present moment, and continues:

"The great malady of modern times, the principal source of those evils which we all deplore, is the want of reflection, that insistent and truly feverish concern for external things, that immoderate thirst for riches and pleasures which little by little weakens even the most noble and idealistic minds, buries them in earthly and transitory affairs, and does not allow them to rise up to the consideration of the eternal verities of the divine laws of God."

What better remedy to such a deep-seated disease in the human family could there be than religious prayer and meditation? the Holy Father asks. Apart from religious exercises compelling a man to reflect and meditate, they constitute for the human faculties a marvellous school of education wherein the mind learns to think, the will is strengthened, the passions are overcome, and activities are guided so that the soul is raised up to its native nobility and grandeur.

The Sovereign Pontiff points out that the Holy See itself has given an example by converting the Vatican for a few days into a place of meditation and prayer, and he exhorts the clergy to follow this example.



# Categorica: On Things in General and Quite Largely a Matter of Quotation

EDITED BY N. M. LAW

## THE RETURNED MISSIONARY

These verses dedicated to the mother of a missionary to Liberia are taken from the pages of *The Living Church*:

### Travail

He is back again after so many years—  
Your little lost boy with his halo of tears!

He must have caught with his eager ear  
The Calvary call you had dared not hear  
Because you knew how complete must be  
The quick response, "Here am I: send me!"

But now you know that the Lord had need  
Of your own little boy, for the life thus freed  
To spend itself for the Master gained  
A hundredfold only love constrained.

Then you followed on, too, where your son had gone—  
As many a mother of many a son—  
While into your arms that had cradled joy  
There crept the ghost of a little boy.

Till you stood at last by a lifted cross:  
Then life grew light with the gain of loss,  
For One spoke here you had reckoned dead—  
"Woman, behold thy son!" Love said.

Yea, the sword pierced through to your own heart fast—  
But your little lost boy is home at last.

## IT'S ALL SO CONFUSING

According to a news item, Ex-Governor Alfred E. Smith, candidate for the Presidency in the last campaign, and who has been an official in a trucking company and a skyscraper builder, has now become president of a bank. In his new position he is thus portrayed by H. I. Phillips in his syndicated column:

Depositor: Good morning.

Mr. Smith: Good morning. What can I do for you. We do trucking to all parts of the city, move you anywhere in the East, crate your piano or. . .

Depositor: Oh, I thought this was a bank.

Mr. Smith (realizing his mistake): So it is. Of course, it's a bank. I've had so many businesses, you know. Awfully sorry. You want to borrow some money, I assume.

Depositor: Not at all.

Mr. Smith: Good. You see I've been in politics so long I can't escape the notion that whenever people approach me they are looking for something.

Depositor: I wish to open an account.

Mr. Smith: Splendid; how tall?

Depositor: What?

Mr. Smith: How many stories? . . . beg pardon . . . there I go talking like a builder . . . I mean how big an account?

Depositor: About \$1,000 to begin with.

Mr. Smith: That's a good foundation.

Depositor: This is a strong bank, is it not?

Mr. Smith: It's never been defeated. Last year it carried the State by . . . gosh! there I go getting all mixed up again.

\* \* \* \*

Depositor: How many depositors have you?

Mr. Smith: Returns from 26 counties with 167 voting districts missing give us 18,573, and all the counties still coming in are strongly Democratic.

Depositor (now a little muddled): Then you don't look for any big Socialist vote?

Mr. Smith: No, indeed. Would you like to see the blueprints?

Depositor: What blueprints?

Mr. Smith: The blueprints showing the new skyscraper in every detail. It is going to be one of the tallest buildings in the world, higher than the Woolworth Building. I'm building it for the *Saturday Evening Post* in six installments. It will tell the story of my life and have eighteen elevators and guarantee the American people a higher working wage. I yield to no man in my. . .

\* \* \* \*

Depositor: I don't quite follow you, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith: You asked for my views on the tariff didn't you?

Depositor: No. I wish to open a bank account.

Mr. Smith: Oh, so you do; that's right. I keep forgetting. I'll turn you right over to the right man.

Depositor: Thanks awfully.

Mr. Smith (turning the depositor over to the new cashier and turning to his secretary): Take a letter, Miss Wittsien: "Fellow citizens and members of the great Democratic party. . . ."

Secretary: There you go again, Governor.

Mr. Smith: Habit is such a hard master. Begin it again. "Dear Sir: Your letter of the 16th inst. asking for a loan of \$20,000 received. In reply, I would say that from the far-flung hills of the Pacific Coast to the wave-swept coasts of the Atlantic and from the broad reaches of the Mexican border to the Great Lakes. . . ."

Secretary: That's a draft of your political speech, Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith (with a hopeless sigh): Phew! Well, never mind taking any dictation just now. I've got to become a little more accustomed to my job.

## SHEAR WIT

Says a headline: "Deft Shunting of Freight Cars Is Modern Art." Guess the brakemen will have to be buying smocks.—*Bradentown (Fla.) Herald*.

"Magazine Manager Races 3-Year Term." That's little enough for the managers of some magazines we've tried to read.—*New York Evening Post*.

Any man is willing to die for a woman—if she will allow him to fix the date.—*Chicago Post*.

A machine has been invented to test the "porosity of parachutes." That sounds about as necessary as a device to test the chorosity of chorus girls, or the peanutteness of politics.—*New Orleans Times Picayune*.

Slang is just sport-model language stripped to get more speed with less horse-power.—*Buffalo News*.

A war that is doomed to ignominious failure: The one to exterminate Santa Claus.—J. R. Wolf, *Milwaukee Journal*.

A British writer says we wake up because our brain is tired of inaction. In this respect there are more somnambulists in the world than we had thought.—*Mt. Clemens (Mich.) Daily Leader*.



## THE PEDDLER MAKES A WILL

The London *Universe* gives us the following story of the life and death of a pious but solitary vendor of ice-cream:

There is a story of a long and lonely life behind the decision of the Court, authorizing a grant of probate of the will of the late Mr. Luigi Pesca to Fr. Timothy Watson, rector of St. Thomas's Church, Newport, Isle-of-Wight.

Mr. Pesca, an ice-cream vendor, died in January, 1928, leaving property valued for probate at over £3,000. He left certain legacies, including £10 to the Dominican Sisters of Carisbrooke Convent, and the residue of his property to the rector of St. Thomas's, Newport.

For fifty years he had lived alone at Newport, where he carried on a small confectionery business, and during the summer months he travelled all over the island with ice-cream.

He was faithful in the attendance of his religious duties and was the most silent of men. He died in his 78th year as he had lived, alone.

## PITY THE POOR PROF

The sympathy of more than one professor will be aroused by the appropriate reaction of Prof. Brown, as described in a United States *Dispatch*, from Raleigh, N. C.:

Prof. William H. Brown, Jr., spent today in "humiliation and prayer," hoping that it would bring up the scholastic average of his engineering class.

The North Carolina State College students who make up Prof. Brown's class in electrical engineering averaged 12½ per cent. in an examination.

When they appeared for class today they found this notice on the door:

"The papers from the class are the poorest I ever got in twenty years teaching. . . . It would be wise not to bother me for the rest of the week, which I must spend in humiliation and prayer.

WILLIAM H. BROWN, JR."

## "GREAT IS MY LOVE"

Isabel Strong, writing in *Scribner's* narrates these two stories of Sosimo, the faithful body servant of Robert Louis Stevenson:

The other day the cook was away, and Louis, who was busy writing, took his meals in his room. Knowing there was no one to cook his lunch, he told Sosimo to bring him some bread and cheese. To his surprise, he was served with an excellent meal—an omelet, a good salad and perfect coffee.

"Who cooked this?" asked Louis, in Samoan.

"I did," said Sosimo.

"Well," said Louis, "great is your wisdom."

Sosimo bowed and corrected him—"Great is my love!"

Long ago Louis had a topaz stud that was somewhat difficult to put into his shirt, so he gave it to me. I laid it away in my trinket box and was dismayed, when I first wanted to wear it, to find it gone. Sosimo had missed the stud, discovered it in my box and carried it back to Louis' room. I kept up the fight for some time, trying to secrete it from Sosimo by putting it in out of the way places, but it was invariably found in Louis' room, no matter where I had hidden it.

When he came up from the ship he put Louis' valise down on the veranda and carefully abstracted from his mouth the precious stud he had carried there for safety. I gave up, then, and it is now Louis' own.

## THE TALKIES: A REVELATION

The *Bulletin*, of Sydney, N.S.W., sets forth the disillusion that the talkies bring to patrons of the cinema:

Sweet vision of the voiceless screen,  
Dear silent ghost of other days,  
How long your matchless face and mien  
Have held my fascinated gaze!  
That figure of unequalled grace,  
Alluring lips, mysterious eyes . . .  
I could but worship, and abase  
My worthless head—but now I rise.  
I may no longer kneel to you  
Since hearing, "Whatdd'ya gonna do?"

Dear shadow, bodiless, sublime,  
So like a winsome elf you come,  
To fail to love you were a crime;  
But now—would that I could reclaim  
Lost ecstasy! Ah, how I thrilled  
Through films too many to compute,  
To every gesture as you willed;  
But then, sweet maid, you still were mute.  
And now that perfect mouth can speak,  
And says, "My goil friend's gait a sheek!"

Sweet vision of the voiceless screen,  
Beloved ghost of other days,  
How long enthralled I *might* have been,  
If they had left you dumb always!

## THE KING'S BUSINESS

We know not from what anti-Fascisti source this story has come, but Lord Ebbisham tells it:

It is said that Mussolini was present at some function with the King of Italy, when the King happened to drop his handkerchief. Mussolini stooped quickly and returned it, for which the King expressed his thanks profusely, almost pointedly.

Someone later asked him why he was so glad to get his handkerchief back.

"I was delighted," replied His Majesty. "You see, it is the only thing left that I am allowed to put my nose into."

## "EROTIC, NEUROTIC, ROTTEN"

Henry Seidel Canby, editor of the *Saturday Review of Literature*, cannot be accused of squeamishness. For that reason his severe arraignment, in *The Independent* some time since, of a large class of modern literature is all the more worthy of attention on the part of the reading public:

Every newsstand in the country carries a load of magazines the purpose of which is to play upon the too human emotions of lust, curiosity, malice and egotism in order to share in the profits of large-scale circulation. That is what these confession magazines, "health" magazines, psychological magazines, erotic, neurotic, and plain rotten magazines prevailing do. They strike under the level of public taste in the well-founded hope of successful exploitation. There has always been plenty of tinder in every society awaiting the spark. Sparks will fly and fires will kindle, but the present wholesale debauchery of human interest by print is the most remarkable commercialization of vice and vulgarity in modern times. One must go back to the pandering of the late Roman days to find anything like it.

### "STATISTICS PROVE"

Scots Observer furnishes us with this comment on a much abused phrase:

"Statistics prove" so many things,  
The size of towns, the height of kings,  
The age of children in the schools,  
The skull development of fools.  
The salaries that parsons get,  
The number of abodes to let,  
The wealth of lucky millionaires,  
The price of hens and mining shares  
All things below and things above,  
It seems to me, "statistics prove."

\* \* \* \* \*  
But no! statistics never yet  
Appraised a single violet,  
Measured the glances of an eye,  
Or probed the sorrow of a sigh.  
Statistics never caught the gleam  
That dances on a meadow stream,  
Or weighed the anthem of a bird  
In forest aisles devoutly heard.  
Statistics never proved a soul,  
In high or low, in part or whole,  
Sin, beauty, passion, honor, love—  
How much statistics cannot prove!

### CHINESE ERECT MONUMENT TO CATECHIST

The following item of interesting fact about missionary experience in China comes to us through Fides Service:

One of the final acts of the recently murdered Bishop Trudo Jans, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Ichang, was to erect a monument to a native catechist, Chou men K'o, founder of the Catholic village of Siao t'ang, who suffered for the Faith 80 years previous. Two months after the unveiling ceremony, which took place July 16, Bishop Jans himself was killed by bandits in this territory whose Church history counts numerous deeds of blood.

The Catechist Chou men K'o was an outstanding figure in the persecutions of the early forties. Having founded by his own preaching to the pagans the Christian village of Siao t'ang, he erected a rude chapel and house for passing missionaries, and during the year himself conducted Sunday services and instructions. At the age of 60 he was captured by persecutors imprisoned for months, starved, loaded with chains, scourged, and suspended in air by his thumbs, in an unsuccessful effort to make him apostatize. Finally liberated, he died soon after, in 1842.

The Christian community which he founded still flourishes, though subsequent persecution here in 1898 saw the massacre of Father Delbrouck, O.F.M., with more than a hundred Christians, and the burning of all Catholic dwellings. By tragic coincidence Bishop Jans was murdered while saying his rosary at the foot of a statue erected to Father Delbrouck. The present faithful of Siao t'ang number 500.

### BLACKSTONE REVISED

Believe it or not, but *The New Yorker* vouches for the truth of this story of Mexican justice:

A gentleman of Newport who went to Mexico on a personal matter reports that the goings-on in the courts there are generally strange. He got a divorce decree the day after his arrival and would have been back on American soil that evening but for an unexpected and untoward event which held him up. On his first afternoon he had dropped into an antique shop where he looked over some admirable Spanish brasses. He would have bought some pieces but he found the price too high and walked out of the store

without discussion. That evening a large crucifix, a pair of 15th-century altar candlesticks, and several other objects were delivered C.O.D. at his hotel, accompanied by a bill for \$8,000. He sent the things back saying there had been a mistake. A few hours later he was served with papers in a suit for the value of the collection. He frantically sought out the native lawyer who had represented him in the divorce action. The antique dealer was a rascal. That was well known. The attorney said leave everything to him. The case came up in court. The dealer took the stand. The American, he testified, had plainly ordered these things. The dealer went minutely into details. The American was horrified. He was further horrified when six other Mexicans took the stand and supported the dealer in his testimony, in every detail of it. Actually none of this half-dozen had been in the store when he had looked over the things. He was still more, much more horrified when his attorney arose to open the case for the defense and announced blandly that he and his client admitted everything. The American had honored the shop by a visit, he had ordered the articles enumerated. Everything the complainant and his witness said was true, all true. At this point the American concluded that he was the victim of a double frame-up and had been properly done in. But things took an unexpected turn. His attorney continued. It was all true, everything was true, except in one particular. The American had paid for the articles. The antique dealer and his witnesses had failed to go into this detail. The resourceful Mexican attorney thereupon called eight witnesses of his own. They remembered the transaction well. Everything had happened as stated, but the defendant had paid for the articles. They were certain. They even remembered the denominations of the bills he had passed over.

The court decided in favor of the visitor. The latter's attorney thereupon bundled up the antiques and, when he parted from his client before the hall of justice, walked off with them. The client left the country at once.

### MODERN PROVERBS

From the Cleric's Scrap Book (Sense and Nonsense for the whole parish) in *The Churchman*:

People very seldom lose their religion by a blowout. Usually it is just a slow leak.—*Otis Moore*.

If modern methods had obtained in those days, Job would have claimed the world's patience endurance record.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

All the people who think they are paid what they're worth could hold an international convention in a telephone booth and still have room to spare.—*The Pathfinder*.

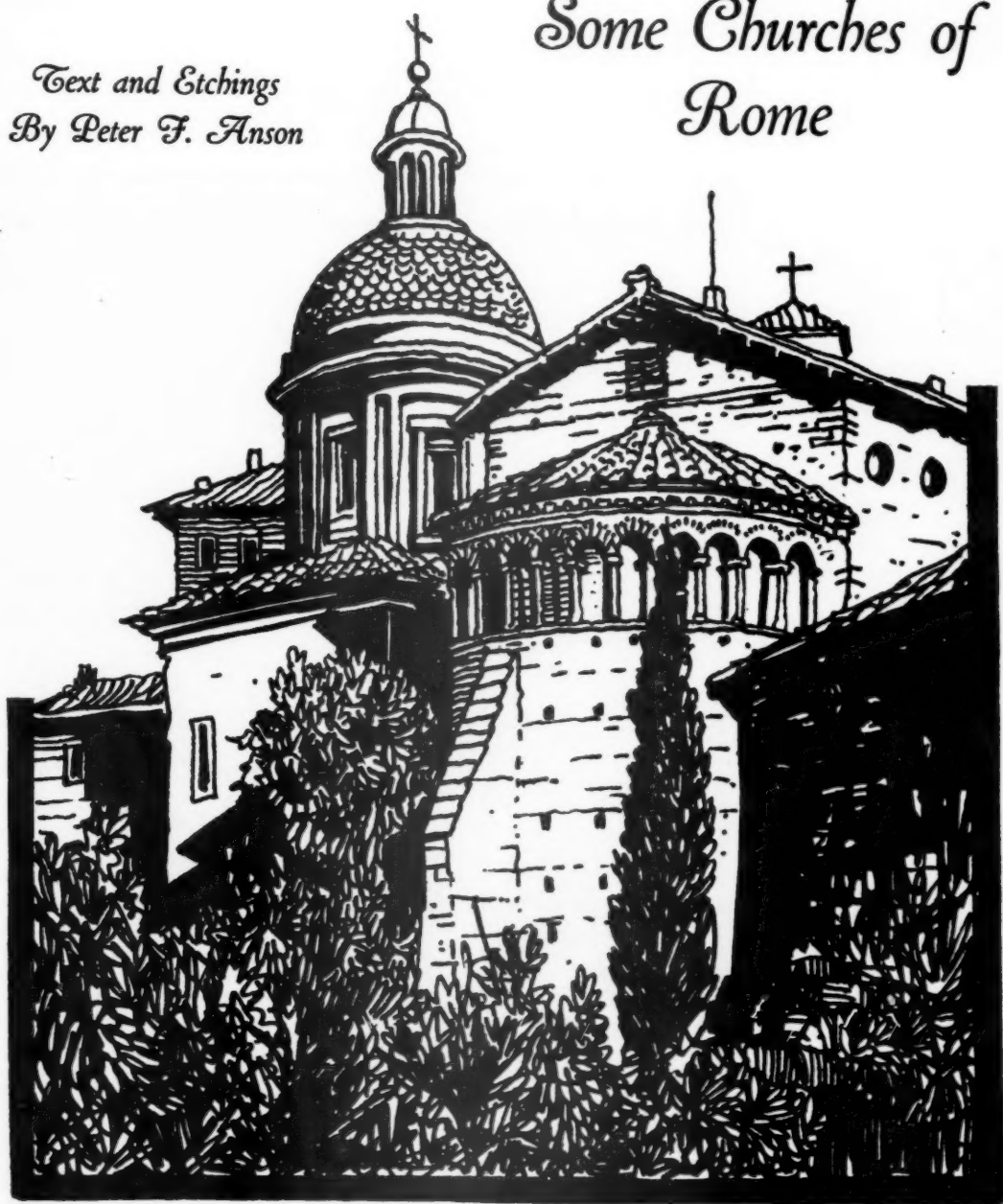
### CONCERNING CHURCH PILLARS

A pastor's unposted letter addressed to a pillar in his former parish, in the *Christian World*:

You complained, I hear, after I left, that I had not given you your proper place in the church. Really, you did not understand what was your proper place in the church. You expected me—and others—to adopt your view on every question that came up for consideration. Many times you hinted that you would be compelled to resign your office, or even to leave the church, if the policy you advocated were not adopted. Sometimes it was rejected, but you remained. Another complaint you made was that I neglected you. You expected me to visit you, remaining for an hour or two each time, at least once a week. You were not the only person in the church, though it seemed at times that in your opinion you were. That was, in short, the trouble with you. In many ways you were a good sort. You were generous in your contributions to the church. I like to think that you have improved as the years have passed. Pillars certainly support the church, but a pillar that is too big takes up too much space, and is always in the way.

*Text and Etchings  
By Peter F. Anson*

## *Some Churches of Rome*



### *Saints John and Paul*

**T**HE Motherhouse of the Congregation of The Passion. It is built over the ruins of the home of the two Saints whose names it bears. They were martyred by order of Julian the Apostate. The chapel, surmounted by the dome, is regarded by many as the most beautiful in Rome. Beneath its altar lies the body of St. Paul of the Cross, the Founder of the Passionists.

## Santa Balbina

**E**XCEPT on the Wednesday in the second week of Lent when the special Station is at S. Balbina, this old church dating from the fifth century and consecrated by St. Gregory the Great in 600, is generally deserted. And to gain admission it is necessary to ring the bell at the orphanage which adjoins. There is something peculiarly attractive about this building, even though, as will be seen from the drawing, it possesses little beauty of architecture externally. And even within there is not much to indicate its venerable age having been rebuilt in the 15th century. But lying as it does, not far from the Baths of Caracalla, remote from the noise and rush of modern Rome, Santa Balbina is a peaceful and tranquil haven where one can meditate on the past. Under the High Altar lie the remains of Saint Balbina herself, a virgin martyr of the first century, also her father St. Quirinus. The bishop's throne and the tomb of Cardinal Stefano Sordi are magnificent examples of Cosmati work. The bas relief of the Crucifixion in the chapel on the right of the High Altar came from old St. Peters.





## San Pudenziana



THIS church takes us back to the very earliest ages of Christianity, indeed it is commonly supposed to be the most ancient Christian church in Rome. It is built on the actual site of the house of the senator Pudens, mentioned by St. Paul, and where St. Peter lodged at various times between the years 41 A.D. to 50. Here it was that the apostle converted the two daughters of Pudens, Prassede and Pudenziana, and where he must have baptized many other converts. The church was consecrated by St. Pius I in 145. It has been often rebuilt and much restored, so that there remains but little of the original structure. Indeed, most of the interior which is shown in this drawing, only dates from the 16th century. But the mosaics in the apse, over the High Altar and which are supposed to be the finest in Rome certainly belong to the 4th or 5th century, and in the left aisle one can still see the old Roman pavement which must have been part of the house of the senator Pudens and which may have been stood on by the Prince of the Apostles himself. Beneath the High Altar is preserved part of a very ancient table on which St. Peter is said to have celebrated the Holy Myster-

ies with his converts. St. Pudenziana is the Station Church on the third Tuesday in Lent and its scheduled feast is observed in Rome on May 19.

## *S. Agnese Fuori Le Mura*



**T**HE CHURCH of St. Agnes "outside the walls" (to distinguish it from the church of St. Agnes in the Piazza Navona), is one of the most interesting churches in the whole city of Rome, both on account of its great age and because it has been but little altered or restored since it was built by the emperor Constantine at the request of his sister Constantina, to enshrine the precious relics of the virgin saint Agnes, who suffered martyrdom in 304, and whose story has been retold by Cardinal Wiseman in "Fabiola." This sketch shows the old campanile and the apse of the church, under whose High Altar lie the relics of St. Agnes.

On her feast day, January 21st, everyone flocks here to witness the blessing of the lambs which takes place after the High Mass. They are led into church decorated with ribbons. After they have been blessed they are taken back to the nuns at the convent of St. Cecilia until Easter when their wool is made into the pallia which are worn by archbishops.

# The Deliverer in Bonds

## THE APPEAL OF JESUS CRUCIFIED

By FRANCIS SHEA, C.P.

**T**HE ordinary Christian is moved by the thought of the sufferings of Jesus. When they hear or read of His awful scourging, the terrible crowning with thorns, the weary, painful journey to Calvary and the three long hours of lingering Agony on the Cross, they are moved to compassion. These are sufferings of His Sacred Passion that they can understand and, in the light of their own experience in suffering, they can fully sympathize with Jesus in His.

Such people deserve encouragement and help in continuing a work so pleasing to our Lord and so beneficial to their own souls. But it would be a sad thing if they stopped here. After all, would they not feel similar sentiments even if a mere man were the subject of such sufferings? Devotion to the Passion should go beyond the mere externals. We must enter into the mystery of the Passion, which is, that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is the Victim of these sufferings.

It is this thought, this truth, that will keep our thoughts from degenerating into mere sentimentality, a purely human, sterile emotion so easily evoked from the human heart at the sight of pain and blood. Moreover, a realization of this truth will lead us on to consider frequently scenes of His Sacred Passion which, although lacking in external horror, have a deep emotional appeal in the light of this truth and offer to us many lessons necessary for our spiritual development. Such a scene is our Divine Savior being bound with ropes in the Garden. Let us first of all reconstruct that scene so that, with our whole attention on it, we may learn its lesson.

When the terrible Agony had swept over His soul—that Agony which would have left Him lifeless were He a mere man—Jesus arose and went to His sleeping disciples: "Arise," He said, "he that will betray Me is near at hand." After three hours of intense prayer and of heroic struggle in an agony that terminated in a sweat of blood, Jesus had mastered His fear and had arisen

to sublime heights of peaceful conformity to His Father's Will.

And now, the gloom of the Garden is pierced by numerous torches and the stillness of His sanctuary is rudely broken by the tramping of feet and the rattle of arms. A band of soldiers enter, led by the perfidious, black-hearted Judas. When they were within speaking distance, Jesus asked them, "Whom seek ye?" And they answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." To which Jesus replied, "I am He." The Gospel narrative then adds, "As soon therefore as He had said to them, I am He, they went backward and fell to the ground." Again He asked them the same question and, receiving the same answer, He said, "I have told you that I am He. If therefore you seek me, let these [His disciples] go their way." Then the soldiers and servants of the High Priests took Jesus and binding Him, led Him away. And thus, we see our Lord Jesus Christ giving Himself up to His enemies, sacrificing His liberty—a sacrifice that was voluntary, complete and lasting.

All through His public life, He had impressed on friend and foe alike that no one could take away His life, that He had the power to lay it down and power to take it up again. On one occasion His enemies had actually led Him to the brow of a hill, intending to cast Him down, but He turned and calmly walked through the midst of them.

It couldn't be otherwise. He, the Son of God, had all power in Heaven and on earth, and the only law He ever acknowledged as being above Him was the Will of His Father. No earthly power could shackle or restrain the power of God's only Son. No matter how His enemies raged and planned and plotted, they could not lay a finger on Him unless He voluntarily allowed it. Here in the Garden He rebukes St. Peter for his intemperate zeal in defending His Sacred Person. He declared that He had only to ask and twelve legions of angels would have been there to do

battle for Him, if force were necessary.

That He did not need to resort to this is abundantly proved by the fact that, at His mere word, these men fell back helpless before Him. Then with calm authority He gives His order. They are obliged to hear what He wishes and He commands them to leave His disciples go unharmed. With all these facts before us, we see how voluntary was the sacrifice of His liberty. Only when He had given proofs of His power to escape, and had made sure of the liberty of His apostles did He give Himself up. Both in word and deed, He showed how deliberate, free and voluntary was His surrender.

**H**is sacrifice was also entire. He did not parley, He entered into no agreements, He did not say, "So far and no farther." No, He gave Himself up without reserve to their will. This is all the more amazing to our minds when we consider His knowledge of the future. He saw to what extent they would abuse the power He gave them over His Person. He saw Himself cast into a dungeon, insulted, outraged, ill-treated by the servants, the soldiers, the mob. He saw Himself bound fast to the pillar, scourged, weltering in His own Blood, dying on the Cross. In sacrificing His liberty, He sacrificed His honor and His life. Not one detail in that brutal, humiliating, shameful death on the Cross was absent from His mind. And yet, rising to the majestic height of God-like sacrifice, He freely and deliberately chose it when He delivered Himself into the hands of His enemies.

Besides being voluntary and entire, our Lord's sacrifice of His liberty was lasting. It was to last from the moment He gave Himself up till the moment He commended His spirit into the hands of His Father. Not only that, but He prolonged His life in order that they might work their will on Him, that they might do with Him what they would. A mere man would have died under that fierce scourging alone, or the crowning with thorns alone. But Jesus prolonged His en-



durance miraculously till their fiendish ingenuity would fail to devise new torments.

It fills us with amazement to see how deliberately, how completely and how lastingly Jesus Christ sacrifices His liberty for us. He, the Son of God, Whose word is law, Whose power is infinite, Whose wisdom is fathomless, Whose dignity is one with God in Heaven, submits to the will of His creatures—His creatures to whom He gave whatever power, wisdom and life they possess. He could have blinded them, paralyzed them or struck them dead. But no! He gave Himself up freely, gladly for our salvation. He held out His hands to receive those cords and ropes and allowed Himself to be led away captive, completely in the power of these men—His merciless enemies. Only once during that long night and a day, did He free Himself from those bonds and then only that He might be riveted hand and foot to the hard wood of the Cross.

**T**HERE is food for serious thought here. Here is a lesson especially suited to this age and country. The constitution of these United States declares all men to be born equal and guarantees to each individual the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This is no new doctrine; the Catholic Church believed and taught it long before America was ever discovered. In fact, she teaches that Jesus Christ, by His teaching, freed us from the darkness of pagan error; by sacrificing His liberty He freed us from the slavery of the Devil; by His death on the Cross, He gave us true and more abundant life; and by the plentiful grace flowing from His sufferings and death, He freed us from the slavery of our own evil passions and made it possible for us to attain happiness here and hereafter.

To Jesus Christ, therefore, and to Him alone and not to any man-made document do we owe what is best and most precious in our lives. In other words, our real Declaration of Independence was written in characters of blood on the mortal suffering flesh of the Son of God. This is the charter of our liberties sealed with the Sign of the Cross. No document so clearly expresses the fact that we are free men and women and yet no writing so forcibly points out how we are to use this liberty. Failure to

know this has always been the crying evil of democracy. St. Paul tells us that we are free by the freedom wherewith Christ made us free, whereas men have made liberty to mean license and lawlessness, a total breaking of all restraints. They have become guilty of luxury, disobedience, of fostering dangers to purity, of breaking the marriage tie and wrecking home-life, of being indifferent to the true religion or the practice of the true religion; in a word, of all these evils in modern life which all sane people see and deplore.

Is this freedom? No. It is rather a return to the very condition of slavery and abasement from which Christ freed us. He freed our minds from the darkness of error in giving us the light of His Gospel; are we then, free when we turn back to error, when we read books that generate doubts against the Faith, when we cram our minds with the filthy sex-stuff of our modern novels and magazines? He freed us from the slavery of the Devil when He broke the chains of sin which bound us to that master.

Moreover, Jesus Christ has merited by His sufferings all the graces that we need to free ourselves from the tyranny of our evil passions; are we, then, free when we reject that grace and remain slaves to lust, anger, pride, revenge and all the other enslaving passions of flesh and blood? Are we free men and women when we allow human respect and dictates of fashion to rule over us and lead us to violate the laws of modesty and the observance of our religious duties? No, by any or all of these things we forfeit the liberty which Christ our Lord has purchased for us. Only in obedience to the law of Christ do we possess and enjoy true liberty. All else is but a service, a slavery to the Devil, to our own passions, to the fickle world and its enslaved votaries.

How different we would all be if we took to heart and realized more how voluntary, entire and lasting was our Savior's sacrifice of His liberty for us. If our liberty cost Him so much, we should not so lightly regard it or misuse it. When St. Paul the Apostle was made prisoner and bound with chains in a Roman prison, he dictated a letter to the Christians of Colossa. This epistle is distinguished from all other letters of the Apostle by the length of his exhortation to

the practice of all the moral virtues.

He gives general advice to all and then singles out wives, husbands, fathers, children, servants and masters, urging them to an exact fulfillment of their duties. Finally, he stops and taking the pen from his secretary he writes these words: "The salutation of Paul with my own hand. Be mindful of my bonds." What appeal could be more touching! "*Be mindful of my bonds.*" He seems to say: "Remember how I have worked and labored and struggled for you. I have braved Jewish hate and Roman prisons. I have endured spiritual agonies and physical tortures—and all this that I might announce to you the charter of your liberties—that you are no longer in bondage to the Devil, no longer burdened with the exacting observances of the Jewish religion, that you are now free children of God and co-heirs with Jesus Christ."

If St. Paul could make this appeal, how much more touchingly and persuasively could Jesus Christ make it. "*Be mindful of My bonds.*" He seems to say to us, "Remember how voluntarily I sacrificed My liberty for you, how completely I gave Myself into the hands of My enemies; I did not free Myself from their bonds, until I willed to be fastened more securely with rivets to the hard wood of the Cross. Be mindful, then, of My bonds. Think you of My nail-dug feet that you may not stray from the path of salvation; of My nail-pierced hands that you may not reach for forbidden fruit; of My thorn-imprisoned head that you may keep your thoughts from sin; of My spear-wound heart that you may open to none save Me. Be mindful of My bonds, for they gave you liberty that you must not lose for the loss would be eternal slavery."

**L**ET us heed His voice. He is the Good Shepherd and we are His sheep. Does the Good Shepherd put restraints on His sheep to deprive them of pleasure? No. He is too good for that. He Who sacrificed His life for us on the Cross would never be so small. Only when He sees danger for us does He lay down a law. And if we hear His voice and walk only in the pastures He has appointed, we will always be free from dangers, we will spend our days in peace and contentment, enjoying the liberty of true sons of God.



# America's Starving Youth

"NOT A STONE BUT BREAD"

By PHILIP JOHNSON

**I**S YOUTH hungry for religion? This provocative and somewhat startling question captions a recent "ad" for *Scribner's*, appearing in several popular periodicals, and announcing an equally provocative article entitled, "One Year in the Ministry" by a young Protestant clergyman "who has been attempting to win youth for the [Protestant] Church."

Of course youth is hungry for religion; so are we all. We have a positive need of it. It's the bread of life, so to speak. We simply can't get along without it, in some form or other. In the heart of every man the Creator has placed religious longings. "Thou hast made us for Thyself O God," said St. Augustine, "and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." The presence of these religious longings and aspirations is a universal fact. Even the heathens admitted it. There never was a nation of atheists. Our coins bear the stamp, "In God We Trust." Those of Britain say, "Dieu et Mon Droit." And long ago Plutarch could write: "If thou wanderest through the earth thou mayest easily find cities without walls, without kings, without palaces, without money, and without science; but none has ever yet found a people without the knowledge of a God, without prayers, without vows, without religious ceremonies." In other words religion has always existed on earth because it is inherent in man; he has always felt the need of it.

Yet, notwithstanding, a further perusal of this clever "ad" brings us face to face with the statement that "Youth would rather revel in the cute antics of Clara Bow than attend a church service." And the writer of those lines is not far from being correct. Why? Because youth is starved for religion, not just hungry. Neither is it merely religion that they hunger for, but for a real religion; a religion with a meaning and a purpose, with authority and tradition; a religion that will inspire, elevate, and ennoble; a religion that is a religion, not merely a reform organization.

The youth of today is hungry for religion, even as youth has ever been, but the fact remains, overwhelming and dismaying as it must be, that the majority of the youth of America are without any religion. It is one of the outstanding facts of the moment. Moralists and guardians of our young folk are everywhere decrying it. The religions that satisfied their elders do not satisfy them.

Today we live in a different world—a new world. The standards, customs, and fashions of those calm and comfortable ante-bellum days have passed forever away. The war killed them. It did this just as surely as it marked the closing of one epoch and the opening of another. The world has turned a somersault, morally and sociologically. However, in certain things it failed to make a complete turn; it is still upside down. Foremost among these latter is religion.

Since that never-to-be-forgotten débâcle of 1914-1918, the world has tried living without God. Led by an energetic band of pseudo-intellectuals and small scientists the world has slowly been endeavoring to push God off the map, even as they tore the Cross from the schoolrooms of France. We have been exhorted to live up to the dictates of nature, of science, of the golden rule, and what not. Religion is scorned and belittled as hopelessly out of date, or unable to stand the severe scrutiny of man's sovereign reason. The results are evident in the intellectual chaos and moral degradation around us.

We see a world in which not only the means and opportunities for sin are multiplied and had for the asking, but a world in which new kinds of sin have been invented. Sin has been lifted into a system. They will not even let us call it by its right name. Ugly sins have been given nice names, and smart fashions found to cloak lax morals. Painted and perfumed, it comes to us under the title of experience or moral freedom. Caution is called squeamishness; regard for common ordinary decency is

prudery; and self control is narrow-mindedness.

Mr. Rupert Hughes, certainly an astute observer of present-day morality, and one whom none can accuse of preaching, wrote quite recently of our times, as days "when so many have ceased to obey old rules and fear old hells, and when the very word 'sin' has come to sound almost as old-fashioned as 'crinoline' . . . Purity has a new but all-powerful significance. Cleanliness has gone ahead of godliness, replaced it."

Ceaseless and inordinate seeking after pleasure has been enthroned as one of the prime principles of conduct. It has become a very business and, for some, the only business in life. Not without reason has someone rather sadly characterized our age as "an age of pleasure." A flashback to the paganism of old, but in high gear. Our progress in pleasure has quite outstripped past ages.

Crime, too, has been glorified. Commit a murder and you wake to find yourself famous. Within twenty-four hours the sob sisters of the nation abetted by the tabloids will have made you a hero. Become a notorious gangster, rum-runner, or beer king and prosperity and success are assured. Police officials and the higher-ups in our municipal governments will give you all the protection and free rein necessary. Society dames and debutantes will flock to your favorite night club to consort with you and your associates.

**W**HAT of Youth? And what of the Church amid all this?

Youth, alas, is swept along by this tide of contemporary paganism. It has become emancipated; earned for itself the title of "flaming youth." Its once noble and high-wrought aspirations, its purity, chivalry, and gentleness have all been squared, cribbed, and maimed to fit in with the spirit of the times. In its immaturity it has thought it smart and sophisticated to discard convention, to utter cheap undergraduate epigrams, to adopt that maddening I-didn't-ask-to-be-born attitude. Hence we have clubs of youthful atheists and beardless fatalists. A

wave of student suicides sweeps over the country or they plead the cause of companionate marriage. Were their plight not so utterly pitiable it might be humorous. Pushing life to the limit, they endeavor to squeeze every ounce of experience and knowledge, harmless and otherwise, into the span of youth.

OUR young men—F. Scott Fitzgerald's sad young men—of moderate means are averse to marriage which spells for them a bit of frugality, restraint and sacrifice. Too many young bodies discuss unreservedly things which their grandmothers would have thought it shameful even to speak of. They gobble up the sentimental slush of the propagandists of birth control, about persecuted mothers and enslaved womanhood. The attitudes of both these classes of young folk arrive at the same conclusion: that the end justifies the means.

But why go on with this disheartening chronicle; most everyone is familiar with the facts of the case. Neither is the foregoing overdrawn or too pessimistic. The newspapers daily recount it—scandals, precipitous marriages, in fact, all manner of youthful excesses, youthful follies, and youthful falls.

And the Church? Of course, when mention is made of the church, the Catholic Church is ruled out. (And when the copywriter of *Scribner's* advertisement speaks of religion, he likewise means to exclude the Catholic religion.) We're simply left out in the cold by that phrase. Everybody knows that, just as they know that what is meant, is the heterogeneous and contradictory body termed Protestantism. Anyhow, the Catholic Church is not merely "the church," it is undeniably The Church.

The World War with its subsequent hysteria in manners and morals may be causes of the present youthful antipathy towards religion and the preference for Clara Bow, but they are only remote and secondary causes. The principle and proximate cause is religion itself. (The Catholic religion always excluded, as was explained above.) Present-day Protestantism has only itself to blame for the state of affairs it is howling about.

The roof of the evil lies in the woe of the various Protestant sects. Call it the "Scandal of a Divided Christianity," or the "Bankruptcy of Prot-

estantism" or, with Dr. Parrish, the "Breakup of Protestantism," or whatever you will, the fact remains, clear and unmistakable, that here and here alone, is the real reason for youth's spiritual hunger.

Our modern Protestants have put Jesus Christ out from their churches and creeds, and with Him has gone all that is real, all that is vital in religion, all that is powerful for winning and holding the heart of man. This mode of action has deserved for them the terrific condemnation of Scripture: ". . . the error of Balaam they have for reward poured out themselves. . . . These are . . . clouds without water which are carried about by the winds, trees of the autumn, unfruitful, twice dead, plucked up by the roots, raging waves of the sea, foaming out their own confusion; wandering stars . . ."

How well the text fits them. Having driven out the Son of God they have become members of a house divided against itself. Wandering stars they zoom through space without any fixed orbit. They spend themselves in explaining a way everything that smacks of the miraculous or the supernatural. Feeling their utter weakness they have taken in Caesar, and in the words of Heywood Broun, pretending to "follow the doctrine of the Master have come, instead, to accept the theories of the Emperor." They have sponsored Prohibition and in the same breath advocated birth control. Strange bedfellows! In the last Presidential election they preached bigotry, yet sneer at the "exclusiveness" of Rome. They have turned their churches into show houses, their ministers becoming disciples of showmanship. They have retreated and side-stepped until Protestantism is no longer a religion, but merely a system of ethics.

And their structure, like every house divided against itself, or built upon sand, is tottering. American Protestantism is moribund; youth blares its requiem. Says Frederick L. Collins, in the *Woman's Home Companion*, "There is in all America no sight more depressing than that of these dying churches, open only on Sundays, and then to a dwindling few." Their ministers are inadequately equipped and "chafing under the yoke of denominationalism." They are driven to adopt real estate, farming, shop keeping and other avocations to earn a livelihood. "Empty mockeries of a great calling."

Our young people, imbued as they are with the rationalizing influences of the day, have not been slow to detect all this. They have seen through the sham religion that is served up to them, and they know that it is not real. For, say what you will about modern youth, it certainly has the virtue of being frank, if somewhat disillusioned. It is honest, and while its critical attitude is far from constructive, it has succeeded in exposing a counterfeit Christianity.

Nevertheless, youth being youth, is still somewhat idealistic, still has a deep appreciation for the things of the spirit. It has never quite lost that ineradicable craving for the satisfaction of mankind's innate religious sense. It still feels the need of religion—some sort of religion. Youth is still "hungry for religion." And if a genuine religion were offered, a religion that would give what any real religion should give, youth would flock to embrace it. Father Benedict Williamson in a recent book quotes the following passage from a letter written to him by an undergraduate in a well known British university: "We are dying to have a real religion, we all need it, and we all want it."

Instead, not finding the proper comfort and sought after satisfaction in any of the popular half issues, it has taken the easier way out. It has attached itself to paganism, to hedonism, to practical atheism, or to the dreary consolations of science. Poor, misguided, misunderstood, undisciplined youth. If it but knew. If it had only been told that there stands someone at its very door bearing sweet relief for that soul-hunger. That someone is the Catholic Church.

HERE is only one refuge. It is in the glorious, life-giving, and soul-satisfying doctrines of the Catholic Church. She and she alone has withstood the withering test of the centuries. Heresies, schisms, and persecutions have battered at her foundations, but in vain. Their dismal failures have merely emphasized the thrilling prophecy of her divine Founder and Sustainer that against His Church the gates of hell shall not prevail. Dynasties have fallen, empires crumbled, civilizations have grown obsolete, and new religions with their anti-Christians have exploded and died away. The Catholic Church stands forever; alone, fearless, unyielding, and unbending, the

only true form of morality, the guardian of truth, the preserver of the world's civilization. "She is still the white mother of cathedrals and beautiful homes, even in days that are given over to a bleak industrial serfdom and the hysteria of unnatural living and divorce."

Modern times have brought forth fresh antagonists, aptly termed by Hillaire Belloc, "New Arrivals." Chief among them may be listed neopaganism, communism, and present-day philosophies. In the face of these the Catholic Church remains firm and unmoved, always remembering her divine claims.

The defenders of birth-control may cry out: "Why not listen to reason? Give in just a bit. Be not so severe. What harm can it do? You make of woman the mere chattel of man, the slave who bears his children."

Seekers after easy divorce may

query: "Why are you so strict? Other churches have legislated in this matter. Why are you so cruel? Why force people either to obey these harsh laws or break with your church?"

Scoffers may say: "You are still thinking in medieval terms. You are old fashioned, antedated. Your children are even becoming dissatisfied at your adamancy. Relax, unbend, become modernized."

But the wise old Catholic Church refuses to become excited or frantic. Calmly and convincingly she disposes, one by one, of these arguments and others. She knows all too well the awful result that would follow were she to retract or give way the least bit. She does not forget the depths of moral foulness and barbarian thralldom from which she, the Catholic Church, rescued human society; a depth to which, thanks to her

ennobling influence, it has never since sunk. Neither does she forget that far from making woman the slave of man, she snatched woman from slavery and placed her upon a pinnacle, impressing upon the world the ideal of marriage, holy and indissoluble.

With the growth of mankind she too has grown, and is not a relic of the Dark Ages. Her divine ideal, however, is immutable. She has held on to Jesus Christ. He is with the Catholic Church. He is in the Catholic Church, and will be, as He promised, "all days even unto the consummation of the world."

Is youth hungry for religion? Then let youth heed the voice of the Catholic Church repeating the glorious words of her divine Founder: "I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall not hunger; and he that believeth in Me shall never thirst."

## Thirty Pieces of Silver

THE PRICE OF MATTEO ORNALDI

By E. M. ALMEDINGEN

**J**UST because Matteo Ornaldi was such an absolute anomaly, the whole of St. Petersburg knew all about him, all he let them know about, that is, and was intrigued in him accordingly. Now don't jump to racial or national conclusions at the mere sound of his name, No more Italian was he than a tiger's skin is white. "Matteo Ornaldi" simply answered all about him, his untidy curling black hair and those dark eyes which would gather in shadows and dart flames alternately, and his very bony tall frame, usually wrapped in a voluminous black cloak. Most of all "Ornaldi" went well with his violin, with that magic-working influence he could and did wield over crowded, breathless audiences.

Who was he? A Hungarian—a Gypsy, a Jew, perhaps—or, most likely, a Russian from the farthest South, hailing from the Bessarabian plains. You get those types there easily. Irresponsible and wild and always illogical! Accepting life in terms of a grape bunch—all juice to be there to be just squeezed out for one's personal delight and content.

Ornaldi's music was something like foamy sparkling wine, too. Not much of the usual violin plaintiveness was there about it. His bow would spring and leap rather than glide. His tunes were like breakers on a rugged cliffy shore.

No one knew much about his beginnings. He came, he played once, twice and his conquest had to be accepted as a lasting achievement. I must give him justice: he could play.

Obviously with no kith or kin in the world, Ornaldi planted no deep roots in St. Petersburg. There was his own private house in the Morskaya (slumming was definitely no taste of him), his yellow-faced and taciturn Korean of a servant, his Chinese chow and a bright blue parquet, his collection of English china and Dresden enamels, his Persian rugs and a well-stocked library, a cosmopolitan collection of poetry in about twenty languages; but even these could not claim "Ornaldi" for any length of time. A series of concerts, a month or two spent in spas-

modic attendances at various Society functions and Ornaldi would disappear, bent on an unknown destination. That yellow-faced Korean was a well-trained valet and outsiders' questions were just left unanswered.

Ornaldi had been a public figure for about three or four years when an aunt of mine, by way of conferring an exceptional favor, announced one hot July afternoon:

"You are going to meet the great Maestro Ornaldi this evening, my dear."

"Why is he great and why a maestro?" I dared to ask.

"His music, his personality, why even his black cloak—"

Running the risk of appearing rude, I left the room in a hurry. The good woman's vagueness spelt irritation.

**O**RNALDI did not play that evening, but obviously he remained the magnet of that huge gathering. . . . There was some sort of a dais in one corner of the enormous ballroom and there he sat, enthroned, complete, even to the black cloak, talking, talking. . . . His chow . . . His first



editions of Lamartine and Chateaubriand. His priceless Crown Derby dinner service . . . His Egyptian papyrus . . . His . . .

"Is he a collector or a musician or just a fool?" I asked on our return home and was rewarded by a withering glance.

"He is Ornaldi. He is a genius. His talk is so refreshing and illuminating."

I said no more.

**L**ITTLE later I had the privilege of hearing him play, and, in all justice, I felt prompted to modify my first impression. And then, quite suddenly, I ran into the man in the reading room of the Imperial Library.

He came with that nonchalant swaying step of his and took the desk next to mine. Busily searching a reference which simply refused to be found, I all but turned my back on him, when I heard the unmistakable foreign accents:

"My dear young lady, excuse me, I feel quite lost here, I want a book on the Gregorian chant—"

I muttered something about attendants and catalogues without as much as turning my head towards him.

"Oh yes, quite, but they don't help you much and I am sure you would—" and he added unexpectedly—"we must have met, I am sure. Everybody meets me. I am Ornaldi."

"I am quite aware of the fact," I muttered, when someone hissed near my desk. I looked up quickly. The genius's face seemed like that of a lost child. I relented.

"You're not supposed to talk here." I arose. "Will you come out? I believe I might help you."

He followed me onto the landing. Once outside he murmured:

"Really I ought to know all about the Gregorian chant. You see, I was a Catholic, once."

"Were you?" I broke in rather indifferently, for the sentence carried little, if any meaning to my then Anglican mind. "How . . . interesting. . . Well—"

But he interrupted. "Thanks, but I've just remembered the name of the book." He knitted his black eyebrows, "Yes, yes, of course . . . How stupid of me! Rather trying to be a walking encyclopedia, isn't it?"

"Nobody is," I retorted, and added a crude amendment, "You play magnificently, though."

"Ah, my violin," he gestured, "yes, I love it. All the same, there is

something precious I have not got."

"What, with all your collections of china and rare enamels and first editions, and—"

"I'd better not waste any more of your time," Ornaldi broke in rigidly and went back to the reading room.

"A genius where his music is, and an idiot in all other things." I dismissed him and went back to my studies.

Yet incongruously enough the queer self-engrossed man interested me in a way I could not define at first. I just thought of him, quite apart from his music and at times boring self-detailed conversation at public gatherings. There had rung an anxiously impersonal note in his words "there is something I have not got." The artificially accentuated words and the somewhat inane smile didn't lessen that peculiar note at all; rather they stressed it, moulded it into something beyond all doubt or question.

One autumn evening, going back home across the still and deserted Nicholas Bridge, I saw the tall, slightly limping black-cloaked figure stop and lean against the granite parapet. Someone else with with him, and turning my head away, I hurried past them, but not quickly enough to miss Ornaldi's words:

"There, my dear sir, you have it and then you lose it and life becomes a terror unless you get it back, and—"

The rest escaped me, but the next day a prominent morning paper carried an impossible article, signed by the Maestro, and after reading it I felt that come what might, I would get to the bottom of Ornaldi's illogicality. An unveiledly autobiographical article it was. More than a dash of bad taste in it. He entitled it "Why My Soul is Dark." He wrote that, as a young man, he "had had the unspeakable grace of clear faith given him," how, under circumstances which he could not as much as hint at "that faith of his" was engulfed into the shadows of nothingness. "You have the faith and then you lose it and life becomes a terror unless you get it back. But, suppose you can't get it back? I have tried to drown the pain in my music. Sometimes it suffices. Sometimes it does not. But art is paid for with suffering and faith is joy. You may not possess both joy and art. You have to sacrifice either one or the other. I made my choice in order to be of service to my kind."

There was much more to it. It sickened me. The article ran on, hysterical, disjointed, pointless, revolting with its shamelessly self-exulting refrains. I flung the paper aside and wrote Ornaldi a letter, and told him what I thought of his hysterical nonsense. I never dreamt he'd answer me. He did. He was illogical enough to go to any unexpected lengths.

"But, of course, you are right,"—he wrote. "I shall never achieve greatness because of my misery. It is a misery to lose your faith. Real art is parallel with it. Faith is not all pure joy, believe me. But I made the choice of a fool."

I did not answer him. I gave him up. Soon after I heard that he had disappeared on one of his periodical trips. And I just shrugged whenever I'd heard that genius of his mentioned in my presence.

**F**IVE years later my seminar at the University were astounded to hear our old Professor mention that an elderly recruit was to be added to our ranks.

"He is not really old," explained the professor, "though, considerably above the age limit. He used to be in the limelight some years ago. I daresay some of you may have heard about him. Matteo Ornaldi, the violinist. He came to me the other day and said he wanted to study liturgics for a term."

I nearly fell off my chair.

"I hope you'll give him a decent welcome," continued the old professor, beaming at us through his bespectacled eyes. "I am afraid life's handled him rather roughly of late. And he's not a young man any more." He arose from his desk. "By the way, may I add that unless any of you know him personally, it would be wiser not to ask him questions. I must say that his reticence is rather pointed."

Of course, the old cloisters rang with Ornaldi's name for some forty-eight hours after this announcement. Where had he been all these years? And what about his violin? And how did the Revolution hit him, if it did hit him at all? And why was he coming into the University? But all these guesses were brushed aside, when a week later, the tall sharply stooping figure entered the seminar room and made straight for the desk allotted to him. Those of us who remembered him well had more than



a slight shock at the change in him. Those once sure hands now trembled,

Ornaldi's hair was snow-powdered, as he bent over the table to arrange some papers. The eyes, which had been fiery, now looked dim and listless. Even his clothes were different and it was hard to imagine the erstwhile immaculate dandy in that man, clad in a badly patched up khaki shirt, baggy trousers and unpolished shoes which were miles too big for him.

THE desk he sat down at was near my own and palely hued recognition flickered in his eyes, as they met mine. Then, just as abruptly, he bent his dishevelled head over the book before him. The seminar, for once, proved almost miraculously tactful. No one pestered Ornaldi with questions. His presence was taken for granted. His none too rare Latin howlers were passed over in silence which might have been compassionate, but seemed purely dignified. So far as I was concerned, Ornaldi was just one of the students and no more.

Of course, we all wondered about him. A liturgics seminar is somehow apt to throw sheer academical dryness into the background. Liturgical studies have life in them no matter from what credal angle (if from any at all!) an individual might approach them. Few of us were Catholics and a handful of new converts, myself among them, were sufficiently cautious not to thrust anything "personal" into the debates—at least, not anything controversially "personal."

But Ornaldi baffled us. Why the University, and why liturgics above all? Unanswered questions these, for he took no share in the wider college life as spent in the library and the old cloisters. He kept his address incognito. At the end of each working day he would vanish without as much as a casual goodbye to his nearest neighbor.

It was near Christmas that the ice broke.

We were all sitting in the seminar room, trying to puzzle out some obscure passage in Durandus. I forgot the details. The meaning seemed altogether beyond our ken and yet we just had to get it. At last I pushed the precious folio away from me.

"No use," I said wearily. "We can't ask the Prof. since we're really supposed to have it at our finger ends. I think the best thing—"

And here Signor Matteo Ornaldi

appeared, aloof as was his wont.

"I have overheard you," he said quite casually. "Let me see," he picked up Durandus. "It's just a reference to an old Eucharistic custom. You will find the explanation in Suarez."

We did not question him, but hunted up the Suarez reference. The clue was there all right.

"I thought it would be," Ornaldi murmured, "but I was afraid I might have forgotten. You see, I was a Catholic once."

And then, just as abruptly, he shut up. But, later in the afternoon, he stopped at my desk, something like a smile on his thin pale lips.

"You may remember my asking you to help me about the Gregorian chant? How curious! I've just heard you've gone over to Rome! I wish—I wish I could go back."

"And why don't you?" I exploded and added, "I've no right to ask questions, but it seems to me—"

For a brief moment his manner of a "lion" came back.

"How could I? It's all dark, all broken, all meaningless! My Korean is gone, my house is burned down, all my collections looted. Why, even my music is gone. I can't play any more. All gone," his hand clutched his book-satchel feverishly.

"That's neither here nor there," I answered quietly, "most of us have lost—everything. But why—"

He seemed in a hurry to go, yet, his fingers on the door handle, he stopped.

"I wonder if you'd understand. That's why I am here, trying to get back, trying to remember things I had known, once! But it's all such a muddle."

"There are still a few churches in Petrograd," I remarked pointedly.

He shrugged.

"Therein lies the way of simple folks. And I am not simple. I am intricate. Things are all zigzagged within me. Do you know, I've gone on contradicting myself all my life, and I've met quite enough fools who were ready to label me as a genius."

And Ornaldi forgot all about his hurry. Quite suddenly he perched himself on the desk nearest to the door.

"Mind if I talk?" He whisked out his tobacco pouch. "I'll tell you. See, I was left an orphan when quite a child and a woman adopted me," his dark eyes narrowed. "I'm still grateful. She saved me from a deadening Viennese slum—I am a Hungarian—

you know, she gave me a splendid education, guessed all about the gift in me, bought the finest violin she could find. She was a good woman," he added reminiscently, "in spite of all the evil in her. You see, she hated all religion. No, I am wrong. She'd some darkly patterned creed of her own. I'd rather not go into it. Occult, most of it."

He paused, but I asked not a question. The twilight shadows were beginning to steal about the long, narrow bare room. Ornaldi's wan face stood out as a patch of almost lifeless pallor. But something like the old fire smouldered in the deeply sunken eyes and I noticed his thin fingers trembled as he rolled his cigarette.

"Occult, most of it," he repeated. "And I was baptized a Catholic. She knew about it. Did not interfere at all—not during the first years, at least. She'd too much breeding in her to scoff at anything, you see. And she'd an amazing intuition, too."

"When I was sixteen, she died. I then stood at cross-roads, as it were. I knew my talent would take the whole world by storm. But I had to go on developing it. I hungered to have it developed. My art burned in me like a scorching flame. She left me all she had, on one condition."

"You can guess its nature. Her fabulous wealth was to be mine only if I were to leave the Church. Remember, I was but sixteen. What promise there hid in me had not yet come out. Without the money she left behind her, I stood nowhere. Of course, there was always the chance of some rich music lover coming to my rescue. I didn't know the world. My gift was all I had. I didn't dare take risks. I," his voice sank to a whisper, "I complied with the condition to the letter."

PAUSE! The shadows had deepened. My fingers itched to strike a match and light the gas jet above our heads, but an instinct told me Ornaldi would resent it. His cigarette went on burning a red-fiery circle in between his lips and even in the shadows that white face continued to stand out in its deadly pallor.

"To the letter," he repeated doggedly. "And my career was a success I had never dreamt of. Need we go into any details about it? I won fame and I did not have to tread any thorny paths to reach it either."

When you have wealth, there's no need for you to fight to achieve the fulfilment of your talent. People help you on in so many ways just because there's no need for you to be helped at all.

"This concerns the surface of things. As to the rest? Do you know there are so many things one thinks one can do to defy God. One thinks so! But when it comes to the doing—ah, there is just nothing.

"Did you ever guess it? I think you did! All my life long, and I am nearly forty-five now, I've gone about contradicting myself, because I knew there was just no truth within me! Perhaps I tried to save my always squirming conscience by this contradicting! You may remember the idiotic article I wrote and the invariable trend of my talk in public! Pitiful, all of it!"

"I would soothe myself by arguing that, although I did hail from the slummiest gutter, yet there lurked some sense of honor in me and it prevented me from playing false to the dead woman just because her money had made me what I was! Honor? Was it honor? Could it be?"

"Oh yes, my music was always there, but music is an auxiliary in life, not an essential! And, even my violin poisoned my life occasionally. I'd handle my bow and think of the thirty pieces of silver and know myself for a traitor."

THE shadows had deepened and even Ornaldi's face no more stood out in that darkness. His voice rose and fell like the oncoming tide, fierce and rapid and passionate. I could guess that this outburst came to him like a sheer physical necessity. So I listened, proffering no comment, asking no questions. At times I imagined he would almost forget my presence in the darkened room. Indeed, after a while, he stopped addressing me at all.

"There were months when I would go away. I had to do it to escape that terrible sense of treason. It never left me, though. It haunted me in Egypt and South America, in Canada and Asia Minor, in India and in China. Even in the South Sea Islands. Everywhere. So, travel-tired, I'd come back and slip into the old stride and win new laurels. And all of them were so many thorns.

"Is there anyone who does realize that faith is something you daren't let go, still less barter against any-

thing else in the world? There is some terror about apostasy and I've come to know it to the utmost! I've come to understand, however dimly and incoherently, the psychology of a Judas. A forsaken faith will haunt you and its sweetness turns into gall. You will trample it underfoot, but it will rise up and shadow your face. You will turn your back upon it and it will gain upon your shifting steps of a traitor. And yours becomes a continual witnessing of Calvary, not as an indifferent onlooker, not as a heart-smitten lover, but as a perpetrator. Nails are thrust into your hands, nails meant to be driven in and you do drive them in.

"Where was I? Ah yes, those frequent absences of mine! They were much talked about, but, then, freakishness is a recognized attribute of a genius. Even my inane contradictions were hailed as so many jewels of consummate wit."

In the pause, which followed these bitter words, I mustered enough courage to remark: "But your music, at least, was real."

"You're still there?" Ornaldi's voice rang a startled note. "It is good for me to talk so! You're not tired, are you? No," he cried vehemently, "don't talk about my music. It's—it's about the bitterest thing I can remember."

"You haven't got it anymore," I reminded him.

"No," Ornaldi said dully, "I have not. I am like so many others, I have lost everything. House and money and all things. These don't matter today. And my music left me. I'm played out. I don't know why I should have come here. Liturgics hurt, you see. And I want to go on studying just the same."

He halted and the darkness may have been responsible for the extraordinarily plaintive key of his voice:

"I have nothing, and I want to get back and I dare not. I am a pauper. Shall always be a pauper. So I think that, that—"

He broke off.

"But just why can't you go back?"

Now an arc lamp outside the big uncurtained window was lit and again that deadly white face stood, etched clear, before me. The shabbily sleeved arms gestured in despair.

"Go back? Why . . . after I had enjoyed . . . made full use of . . . that infamous bargain of mine, go back, when its very reason has vanished, when I know that deep down

within my heart I would not even think of going back, if the wealth, inherited conditionally, had not been lost? What need would God have of such as I?"

ORNALDI was awaiting an answer. I grew panicky lest my own clumsiness prove too crude to cope with this effort.

"But God has really no need of any of us! He just wants us, that is all. And don't you think you have suffered enough during all these years?"

"I deserved it" — savagely he clenched his bony fists—"and more than that! But, tell me can't you tell me, how I can come back? It'd be but another bargain. I'd come back because there's nothing left to prevent me from coming back. Tell me, is that worthy?"

"It wouldn't be," I admitted, "if it were true, but somehow I feel sure it isn't."

Ornaldi moved to the door.

"You don't understand," he muttered hoarsely. "And I was a fool to imagine a child, like you, could understand! I tell you it is true."

A moment later the heavy nail-studded door was slammed behind the stooping figure. And I was left alone, in the dark seminar room and I felt desperately angry with myself. A gray-edged sense of having failed crept into my mind and stayed there.

"If only I could have talked real sense to him," I thought, plodding on along the dimly lit and deserted college cloisters. "What's the sense of being a Catholic if you can't do anything useful! He's well-nigh worm-eaten with despair and I have as much as sent him away!"

The next morning we were told by the old professor that Ornaldi had decided to suspend his studies.

"He says it's his ill-health"—the keen eyes from beneath bushy white eyebrows roamed all over the room—"but I can only hope that none of you young people pestered him with any questions."

And, though strictly speaking, I was not guilty of any such offence, yet my cheeks flamed scarlet.

Such was the climax of my spasmodic acquaintance with the erstwhile lion of St. Petersburg drawing-rooms. Begun at a crowded ball, continued within the precincts of the Imperial Library, and, apparently ended in the bare darkened seminar room of the old University, when

he had seemed so genuine, so terribly, desperately convincing.

"And I just failed him," I reflected dismally.

Ornaldi's disappearance provided a week's topic for desultory discussions and conjectures at college, but gradually fresher interests crowded out the memory of that jetsam relic of the old regime. His bare name might be heard occasionally, followed by a telling shrug. There was too much deadness about Ornaldi for him to linger in the minds of keenly alive students.

"What an old fossil," they labelled him.

I AM through with the climax. And now for its surprising sequel, which reached my ears a few years later. And I'd better quote that extraordinary letter in full. It arrived in London, the grimy envelope carrying the postmarks of Helsingfors, Malmo, Danzig, Berlin, Amsterdam and Southampton. The Helsingfors date was three months old, and the front sheet of grey rough-edged paper was headed "Solovki." The word startled me.

"I am not 'Ornaldi' anymore"—the untidy feverish script scrawled all over the page—"but as such you might remember me. I did not want to see you after I had left College for obvious reasons and I had a downright bad time after all. I could not forget those words of yours about God not needing us, but wanting us. The long and the short of it was that I made up my mind to turn back to where I ought always to have been and when my mind was definitely made up, my music came back to me. I never told you how I had lost it. This happened because of a shock I'd much rather say nothing about. But on the evening previous to my coming back, I stumbled across my long since forgotten violin in a box in my attic. The bow was there. As soon as I touched the strings, I knew my music had never left me really."

There came a gap of about three lines and what followed after was scribbled in a way which made all reading an effort at deciphering.

"I was glad, comparatively so. I don't want you to think that the return of this gift would have made any difference to the future. But something else might have brought this about."

"I was coming out of the house, I had an appointment at the nearest

church, when a foreign-looking messenger ran up the steps. I never told you that I was a Hungarian national, did I? Nor that my late adopted parent had a brother left in Austria. The old man had heard of my misfortunes. So he wrote inviting me to come and share his wherewithal which, as I knew, was fabulous. I could read between the lines. He took it for granted that I continued in the same way his dead sister had insisted on my following.

"I read the letter, tore it into shreds and told the messenger I would send a reply. I never did, though.

"I was in time for my appointment and—" Here the familiar writing broke off at the end of the page. The next was covered by a different hand in very precise and careful Polish.

The signature at the bottom was in Latin. That part of the letter was almost dry and concerned itself with bare facts only. It just told me that "Matteo Ornaldi," known to the writer as "Brother Christopher" had entered a Community in Moscow immediately upon his reconciliation to the Church, and was arrested shortly afterwards. Hence the heading on the letter—"Solovki"—being the convict prison on one of the islands in the White Sea in the North.

"The hardships and privations of more than eighteen months' imprisonment proved too much for him. He died a week ago, leaving his letter unfinished, but he had specially asked that this letter should be forwarded to you. I might add that his almost last words were, "God does keep on wanting us to the end."

## Salvator

By P. J. O'CONNOR DUFFY

BORN of a Virgin 'mid earth's poverty,  
He was the Holocaust ordained by God  
For the redemption of humanity  
Upon the purpline sacrificial Rod—  
And all the divers earthly paths He trod  
Led Him at last to Calvary.

A Child's sweet murmurs on the Mother's knee  
The glad laugh, and the little Baby breath  
At life's new wonders drawn excitedly,  
The tranquil joy, the deed that quickeneth  
Youth's shining hour, the peace of Nazareth:  
All, all led unto Calvary.

The desert trials and solemnity,  
The Sacrament at John the Baptist's hand,  
His calling unto men, His Ministry  
And Miracles throughout a hostile land,  
Those years of love—all led to God's demand:  
The Holocaust of Calvary. . . .

. . . The Eucharist, eternal Memory  
And Mystery of the Christ, is giv'n—the Cross  
Looms on His vision from Gethsemane:  
A Mother, bowed, disconsolate with loss  
Sees her Divine Son's Blood stain red the moss  
And ruggedness of Calvary.

The scourge, the thorned crown, the mockery—  
The faith so frail, nigh all who loved have fled—  
(Jesu, have mercy! Man hath outraged Thee!)  
And now, the darkling Cross: He bows His Head . . .  
'Father, forgive . . . ' And is consummated  
The Sacrifice of Calvary. . . .



# The Blue Letter Paper

ROMANCE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF AMSTERDAM AVE.

By ETHEL KING

THE Saturday afternoon was a blur to Marjory Woods. The Betts' front room was crowded with young people dancing almost continuously to the radio's music. In the confusion she forgot to notice whether or not Harriet Crawley had a good time.

For a long while she sat in a corner. Then a young man who had been standing alone by the door came over and took the chair beside her. "Want to try it?" she heard him say. It was rather painful, this dance. Their feet seemed to get mixed up so. Marjory blamed herself for being awkward and was terribly afraid that her partner might become bored and leave. But he stayed and danced with her again. It wasn't much better this time, but she didn't mind as long as he didn't. He asked her name, and she found out his was Thornton.

The party broke up about six o'clock and Mr. Thornton walked home with Marjory and Harriet through the soft October evening. At the old-fashioned flat-house on 100th Street, Harriet bade him an effusive good-night, asked him to call, and gave her telephone number.

When he reached Marjory's similar apartment, two blocks further north, he lingered. It made her panicky, and when she escaped and went in on the family assembled at supper, she looked so excited they greeted her with zest.

"Somebody saw you home! We know it!" Stout Uncle Tip, her mother's brother, vowed facetiously.

"I hope you didn't let Harriet Crawley steal all the boys from you!" Aunt Hallie put in a little testily as she nursed a rheumatic arm.

Mrs. Woods gave her sister, Hallie, a glance of reproof.

"I guess Marjory can get all the attention she wants," she shrugged. "I'm glad she isn't like most of the brazen girls around!"

Two days later a picture postal arrived for Marjory. "Greetings from Newark." Yes, that was where he lived. It was signed, "Lex Thornton." What a thrilling name!

One evening soon afterwards, the telephone rang. Mrs. Woods an-

swered it with flurried, "Who did you say? What name? Who do you want?" Then she stammered to her daughter, "It . . . it's for you. It's Mr. Thornton!" Marjory could scarcely move. She dropped her Geometry. Finally in a daze she went to the telephone. "Yes?" His voice! Strange and deeper than in real life. He would be detained in town the next evening, he said, could he come up and see her? While she gurgled and fumbled for a fitting answer, he calmly went on to tell her he would be there about 8:30, and he hung up. Then to face about on her clamorous audience—that was heroic! "He . . . he's coming here tomorrow night!" Such exciting news for this quiet little household!

As soon as Marjory was dispatched to High School the next morning, her mother and aunt set to on the parlor. The small square room was broomed and mopped. Each bit of bric-a-brac on the tiered mantelpiece was swabbed. The sagging blue plush sofa was reinforced underneath with the better part of Aunt Hallie's bungalow apron.

"Funny how girls grow up, isn't it?" Mrs. Woods murmured softly to her sister as they worked over the room. Then she added with a faint show of temper, "Now I guess I'll have some news of my own when I meet Mrs. Crawley at the butcher's and baker's. She's always boasting how popular her Harriet is. The homely little thing!"

"Just think!" Aunt Hallie commented as she paused to rest her sore arm, "Marjory's seventeen and she's never had a beau before! She's such a mouse. Why, by the time I was her age, Frank and Teddy were both dead and buried!" She spoke as though it were an achievement to have been widowed and bereaved of an only son so early in life.

What with getting dressed to advantage and having her hair waved and trying out the old-fashioned beauty aids her women folk forced on her Marjory did little home work that day. She was in a fine state of

nerves by the time her boy friend came. To insure a proper welcome Mrs. Woods opened the door herself. Later, Aunt Hallie made her appearance in the parlor to be introduced by Marjory.

Lex Thornton seemed ill at ease. After a while the women excused themselves and moved along to the dining-room in the back. To hide her self-consciousness Marjory rattled on in a way that was new to her. Lex gradually thawed out and smoked two cigars during the evening. The moment he left the two women appeared from the depths of the flat.

"How is he? Nice?" Aunt Hallie demanded between coughs. She had a tender throat and the smoke from Lex's cigars affected her.

"Yes, he's nice," Marjory decided, her cheeks rosy, her eyes starry.

"I wish he'd been taller, like your Papa was," her mother sighed.

"Awful quiet, isn't he?" Aunt Hallie wheezed.

"No so quiet. He told me a lot of things about himself. Lex is short for Alexander. He's down in a law office. And he lives out in Newark with his mother—and he's twenty-five."

"Twenty-five!" The women were surprised. "He's so slight, that makes him look younger. And is he coming again?"

"Yes, he said he'd be here soon."

Marjory could not keep the great news from Harriet. "What do you think?" she confided the next day at lunch time, "Lex Thornton called on me last night!"

"He did?" Harriet was astonished. "Well, I suppose I'll be hearing from him before long."

Two days later she bombarded Marjory with the eager information, "Lex Thornton phoned yesterday afternoon when I was out. Mother took the message. I think I'll write him and make a date."

Lex Thornton paid his second visit to Marjory on a Sunday night. Saturday he had announced his coming and this had started another house-cleaning orgy. Aunt Hallie hastily fixed over a last summer's dress of



blue georgette for Marjory. She was permitted this time to do the entertaining alone, and she tried bravely. Lex Thornton seemed to find her talk agreeable and made few attempts of his own as he smoked. Shortly after nine o'clock a tray burdened with ginger ale and mocha tart mysteriously appeared through the opening in the old rose portieres. Lex ate and drank with relish. He stayed comparatively late that night, consuming several cigars more or less silently to the accompaniment of Marjory's high-strung prattle.

She was so weary by the time he left she could give her anxious folks no news. Before she slipped off into a heavy sleep she tried to remember if he had told her anything more about himself, but could recall nothing.

The next day at school what was her surprise to hear from Harriet that he had been to see her on Saturday evening!

"Why, he never told me!" Marjory gasped.

"Did he have to? Is he your special property? Didn't we both meet him at my cousins'?" Harriet could be easily offended.

"Oh, of course, certainly. I didn't mean anything!" Marjory was ashamed of herself.

WHEN she next saw Lex, Marjory asked him, "You were over to Harriet's not long ago, weren't you?"

"Not very recently," he replied, cautiously.

She understood the subject was taboo and put no more questions. But Harriet let her know he called there also. Marjory felt quite sure these visits could not be frequent ones. On the "regular" night, Sunday, he was hers. She thought her family would be so pleased with this faithful devotion, but it seemed they were soon satiated.

Neither her mother nor Aunt Hallie, attired in their good foulard silks, bothered coming in to see Lex any more. No longer were cakes and soft drinks dispensed to him. Uncle Tip, home from business trips, had met him on one or two occasions. His verdict was, "Not so good looking, is he, Marjory?"

"Why, Uncle Tip, he is! Didn't you get his profile?"

"No, simply the whole mug. Sort of tough and grim-looking, I thought. But don't mind me. Suit yourself, Marjory."

One drizzly Sunday night Lex never arrived. Marjory, pranked out and waiting, almost drowned in her woe. Fortunately Uncle Tip was away, but, oh, the things her mother and Aunt had to say about the delinquent Lex! She fled to bed in tears.

The following Sunday he sauntered in as usual. When Marjory timidly mentioned his absence, he informed her casually, "No, I didn't go out last Sunday. It was raining and I had a little cold. Thought I'd better take no chances."

She was quite sure she was crazy about him, but she was not at all certain of her own charms and sometimes she would be shaken with dread that he might tire of her and stop calling. That would be terrible! She felt that her family, inconsistently enough, would ridicule her for losing him. So she wore herself out with efforts to please him. The finish of a visit would find her utterly exhausted. To her mother's disgusted question, "For goodness' sake, what do you do for over two mortal hours?" She could not reply, "We talk."

When the sofa sagged again, it remained so. Mrs. Woods now brushed up the parlor merely to sustain her housewifely reputation. Aunt Hallie lost interest in making new clothes for Sunday evening appearances. Marjory was not to be made lovely for Lex Thornton. When he was there, Aunt Hallie's coughs and sneezes echoed through the rooms. "It's his old cigars!" she would complain after he had gone. "He smokes the whole place up and chokes me!"

Marjory was aware that her suitor did consume much more tobacco than her Uncle Tip. She began to worry about it. Once she ventured, "Lex, don't you think you smoke too much?" He simply lighted another cheroot, so she had to let the subject drop.

"Oh, he's so stingy!" her mother fretted. "Never brings you anything or takes you anywhere! Your Papa was so different?" Her eyes grew misty. "Always a big box of candy. I never had a toothache till he began to come around."

Marjory, on the brink of tears, tried to defend Lex. "Oh, Mamma, maybe he can't afford to give me presents yet!"

"Nonsense! He can afford his old cigars! Why doesn't he give them up and buy you something? Your Papa didn't have much first. But

he managed! Oh, it's just the idea. You always want to do something for anybody you care for, no matter how hard it is for you!"

Goaded by talk of this kind, Marjory suggested to Lex Thornton, one warm evening in November, that they take a walk. He agreed without enthusiasm. They strolled up Riverside Drive, and then down Broadway. It was almost as sultry as an August night, and the streets were full of people drawn outdoors by the weather. Thirsty ones lined up before soda counters. A laughing youth seized his girl companion's arm affectionately. "Let's go in and have some ice cream!" he cried, and added, "Wish I could give you the whole Woolworth Building!" No such extravagant expression fell from Lex Thornton's tight lips. "Do you want a soda?" he asked mildly. "No," Marjory faltered. And he took her home.

WHEN there was the theatre episode. At eleven on a Saturday morning, he telephoned briefly he would like to take her to a matinee that afternoon and would be up for her after lunch. This invitation was stimulating.

"Maybe he isn't so bad," her mother conceded as she bustled around to get the girl ready.

"What's the name of the piece?" Aunt Hallie insisted. "Didn't he ask you what you wanted to see? Well, anyway, he's going to take you out and that's something!"

He came and escorted Marjory, in her best array, down to gay Broadway—and to what? A revival of an old show Uncle Tip had taken them all to see the year before! She couldn't bring herself to tell Lex this, for she thought he would be so disappointed. When her family discovered the truth, she was covered with confusion. "So, that's what he treated you to, was it!" Aunt Hallie raged.

"He's stingy!" Mrs. Woods said bitterly. "Somebody couldn't use the tickets and gave them to him. Your Papa was so different. Uncle Tip's generous too. He was awful good to his wife."

The days went by and Lex Thornton continued his uneventful courtship, while Marjory suffered from criticisms of him. December crept on and the Great Holiday impended. "If he doesn't give you a Christmas present, he ought to be ashamed of him-

self!" Mrs. Woods sternly repeated.

Aunt Hallie's skilful needle was busy. "I'm going to fix up some neckties for Uncle Tip," she confided, "and I'll make an extra one out of that nice piece of red and blue striped silk. If Lex Thornton gives you something, Marjory, you can present him with this necktie."

**A**LTOGETHER it was a trying period for everyone concerned.

The Friday afternoon before Christmas, Marjory hurried home from school. She had a key to the front door with her, because her mother and aunt expected to be out on a last minute shopping expedition. She let herself in and was running up the stairs, when Mrs. Flaherty, the janitress, panted up from below. "Here's something a young man left for you a short time ago," and with a smile on her thin, reddish face she handed over a large square package done up in white wrapping paper. A young man! And this! Lex, of course, and a present!

Marjory was so stirred, she had difficulty getting safely inside her own quarters. Then she had to open the box all alone. How her fingers shook! At last! Revealed before her delighted eyes was a great box of pale blue writing paper. Large sheets and envelopes for extended correspondence, smaller missives for shorter epistles, cards for the briefest notes—and on top of all reposed a Christmas greeting. The printed words were fervent, wishing "you" long life and cheer, then followed the neat signature, "Lex Thornton."

A deep sigh of elation! Lex! He was dear! This lovely present! And he was coming that very evening. She could thank him then and give him the necktie.

This wonderful box! How triumphantly she would show it off! Now her mother and Aunt Hallie would be forced to take back the unkind things they had said about poor Lex.

She could scarcely take her eyes off the delicate offering, but finally, with a sigh, she tied it up again in its wrappings and slipped it under her bed. She had an errand to do, and she did not want the precious thing touched until she returned.

She went into her mother's bedroom, and took from the bureau drawer, where they had been left for her, a bundle of cigar coupons. Uncle Tip would toss these coupons on the dining-table and her mother saved

them. That morning she had told Marjory, "We've enough for an umbrella for Uncle Tip. That'll be your present to him. He always says he doesn't want anything, but he's so good to us, we must do something for him. Hallie's made the ties, and I'll buy him handkerchiefs, and you get him the umbrella."

Marjory walked swiftly down Amsterdam avenue. It was a glittering day. Christmas trees and greens filled the sidewalks and their spicy balm was heady. What a beautiful world, so safe and sure! And Lex and she were the center of everything!

The cigar premium store at Ninety-sixth Street was crowded. Marjory waited in the background, with the little bunch of coupons in her hand. Joy radiated from her like a golden light, touching with grace everything she saw. Such pretty stuff they had in the shop! That silver vase—those perfume bottles—and then! In the glass case, directly in front of her, was a big box open to view. It held pale blue writing paper! Large sheets and envelopes for extended correspondence, smaller sized missives for shorter epistles, cards for the briefest notes . . . ! Lex Thornton's present! This was how he got it! Those cigars he smoked. She felt herself crashing down, down from Heaven into bits. This was all he cared for her, was it! He took his own pleasure and gave her the ashes! Her mother and Aunt Hallie were right! There was nothing manly about him. He was mean, selfish and stingy!

She took the umbrella and trudged homeward. The short December day was already graying. The world looked dreary and cold and smoky.

When she reached home she was glad to find her people not back yet. This gave her an opportunity to conceal the loathed stationery behind the parlor sofa.

After the evening meal, she put on her red dress. Her mother and aunt eyed her hopefully. From time to time, one or the other would remark, "We'll see what Santy brings you!" Marjory kept a determined silence.

Lex Thornton had a smug air as he walked in that evening. Marjory did her best to behave normally, and talked on to stave off mention of the present. But Lex soon stopped her.

"Get any little thing from me to-day?" he inquired with assurance.

Marjory looked steadily at him. "Yes," she answered, and rising, went over and drew the box from under the sofa. She handed it to him. "This is what you sent me today, and you can have it back again! I don't want it! Old cigar coupon stuff! Don't think you can fool me!"

He accepted the package, staring in amazement at the lamb-like Marjory's sudden fury. "You don't want this?" he whispered, pointing to the box under his arm.

"No, and you can go too!"

He went, but before the outer door closed on him, he called back loud enough for her relatives to hear, "Good-night, Marjory, Merry Christmas!"

To gain time she lingered at the parlor window, pretending to be busy with the shade. The women crept up. Aunt Hallie peered into the room. From her hand hung the blue and scarlet cravat. "Gone? And didn't bring you anything?" she flared.

"Nothing, Marjory? Didn't Lex bring you a present?" her mother called from behind.

Marjory strode by them. "No, not a thing!" she asserted. So defiant and strange was her bearing, they did not follow her. They even permitted her to shut the door of her room on them.

**T**HE next afternoon, Christmas ever, Marjory sat in the dining room listlessly helping her aunt make bows for the wreaths.

The door down the hall opened and Mrs. Woods came in from the street, with arms full of small purchases. Her soft face was distressed. She dropped the goods nervously on the table and darted a look at Marjory. "I just met Mrs. Crawley, and what do you think! She says Lex Thornton's given her Harriet a Christmas present! A beautiful big box of blue letter paper. Such impudence! Never gave you a thing, Marjory, and he taking up all your time!"

The blue letter paper! As the women bandied words over her head, Marjory was thinking, thinking of Harriet's popularity and the second-hand Christmas gift. Inwardly she smiled, and some of the wretchedness melted from her heart.

"I wouldn't have another thing to do with him if I were you, Marjory!" her mother's angry tones reached her.

"I won't, Mamma," she could answer almost lightly, "don't worry!"

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGNPOST

## QUESTIONS AND COMMUNICATIONS

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

### SANCIAN ISLAND

*Where is Sancian Island?*—H. D., GREENPORT, L. I.

Sancian Island is a small, barren island near Macao, off the south coast of China. It is noted as the place where St. Francis Xavier, the great missionary, died.

### EASTERN PHILOSOPHIES

*Does "The History of Philosophy," by Paul J. Glenn, tell of the philosophy of the East in detail?*—A. G., FROSTBURY, MD.

Yes.

### CONVERT MARRYING A MINISTER

*A girl convert to the Catholic Church keeps company with a young man, who is studying to become a Baptist minister. Would a Catholic priest marry a convert to a man studying to be a minister, or to one already ordained a Baptist minister?*—B. B., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Such a marriage is forbidden by the Church.

### CATHOLIC GIRL AND DIVORCED MAN

*A Catholic girl and a divorced man, (non-Catholic) are going together. The man's wife (non-Catholic) had a husband living when he married her. Would the Catholic Church permit the girl to marry this man according to its rites, and if so, would any dispensation be necessary?*—N. N.

The solution depends on the validity or invalidity of the man's marriage to the non-Catholic woman. If the matrimonial court of the diocese should declare it invalid, he will be free to marry again. When a Catholic wishes to marry a non-Catholic, it is always necessary to apply for a dispensation, which can be granted only when there are grave reasons for so doing. But why should a sensible Catholic girl get mixed up in such affairs?

### MARRIAGE OUTSIDE THE CHURCH

*A Catholic man was married to a non-Catholic girl by a magistrate. He got a divorce, and shortly after met a Catholic girl. Can they be married by a priest?*—R. M., KY.

Yes, provided the marriage before the magistrate is declared invalid by the matrimonial court of the diocese.

### REVALIDATING A MARRIAGE

*A Catholic woman married a divorced man, whose wife was living at the time. He is willing to marry her in the Catholic Church. Can this be done?*—N. N., UNION CITY, N. J.

It can be done, provided the first marriage is found to be invalid, or, if valid, that his first wife is dead.

### MIXED MARRIAGE BEFORE MINISTER

*Can a Catholic girl, married to a non-Catholic before a minister, get a divorce, and marry again in the Church?*—N. N., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Catholics who marry outside the Church do not contract a valid marriage. This has been the law since 1908. In such a case it is possible to secure a civil divorce, and be free to marry again in the Church.

### RELATIONSHIPS

(1) *What relation to me is my father's sister's daughter's son? Is it necessary to obtain a dispensation for me to be married to him?* (2) *Is it true that the God-parents of a child may never marry each other?*—T. N., BALTIMORE, MD.

(1) It is blood relationship in the third degree of the collateral line, touching the second degree. It is necessary to obtain a dispensation.

(2) Since the New Code of Canon Law went into effect in 1918 the spiritual relationship contracted in baptism no longer constitutes a matrimonial impediment between the God-parents, but only between the one baptizing and the one baptized, and between the God-parents and the one baptized.

### A MASON AND CONFESSION

*This objection regarding confession was proposed to me by a Mason: If the confessional is a place for repenting of sin, and a Mason is positive that no sin is included or hidden in his obligation, couldn't he become a Catholic and just drop out of the Masonic lodge, and still not reveal the secret obligation?*—N. N.

The question is somewhat obscure. If you wish to ask whether a Mason could be received into the Church, and approach the Sacrament of Penance without mentioning his affiliation with Masonry, because he took an oath of secrecy when he became a Mason, the answer is that he would be obliged to reveal his membership to the priest who received him into the Church, and to fulfil the conditions imposed by the Church in such a case. The Mason would not be honest and sincere were he to conceal his membership in the lodge. It is required that a convert renounce all allegiance with heresy and every form of secret society, which is condemned by the Church. But this revelation of his membership with Masonry would in no manner violate what he considers his obligation to the lodge, because the oath is invalid. If the Mason were never baptized, it would not be necessary to go to confession. Baptism would wash away all his sins. But if he were to be baptized even conditionally, it would be necessary to confess his sins, and receive absolution for them. He should have no fear that what he confessed will be revealed, for the confessor is bound by the inviolable seal of confession. We hope that this answers your question.



### PONTIUS PILATE AND THE SQUARE DEAL

*Why did Our Lord let Pilate pass the death sentence on Him, when He knew that Pilate would not repent of it, and thereby lose his soul? I have often heard it stated that God permits evil that good may come of it, but why should Pilate be obliged to lose his soul, so that others might save theirs? According to my knowledge of the situation, Pilate did not get a square deal.*—M. R., St. LOUIS, MO.

Pilate was a man having free will. He had it in his power to obey his conscience or to violate its dictates. He knew that Jesus was delivered to him "out of envy." He declared several times that Jesus was innocent, "I find no cause in this man." Yet, when the Chief Priests threatened to place charges against him at the Imperial Court of Rome, he capitulated to their demands for Jesus' crucifixion, and sacrificed the Innocent in order to retain the governorship. In so doing he was guilty of cowardice and injustice. Though this was foreknown by God, there was no moral necessity upon Pilate to condemn Christ. Therefore, Pilate was guilty of a grave crime, though less guilty than those who delivered Jesus to him. "Therefore, he that hath delivered Me up to thee hath the greater sin." Any unbiased jury would convict Pontius Pilate.

But that does not mean that he thereby lost his soul. His death is shrouded in obscurity. What his ultimate fate was no man knows. Had he listened to the Truth, in the person of Jesus Christ, he would not have merited punishment. But, stifling the voice of his conscience, he thought to rid himself of a troublesome business by condemning Jesus to the death of the cross.

We fail to realize what the power of grace was in regard to Pilate's conscience, when Truth Itself spoke to him with human voice. There can be no doubt but that Pilate got a square deal.

### REGULATING THE FAMILY

*Is there any legitimate way for regulating one's family? Our friends call us "fools" for not practising birth control.*—N. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

The only legitimate means which married people may adopt in order to regulate their family is to practice abstinence (self-control) by mutual consent. The primary end of marriage is the procreation of children. A thing is perfect when it attains the end for which it was instituted. Marriage, therefore, is perfect when children are born. This entails suffering and expense. But remember what St. Paul says about woman: "she shall be saved, yet through child-bearing". (I Tim. 2:15) The procreation of children is the ordinary path to Heaven for women. Do not forget that God is in Heaven. He Who feeds the birds of the air, and clothes the lilies of the field, will not be indifferent to parents who have the courage to perform their duties. Trust him.

Women have been enduring the pains of childbirth for centuries. It was because of their bravery and spirit of sacrifice that our race has been sustained. Of course, those who follow Christ, and the teachings of the Church, are called "fools." But that kind of folly is what St. Paul terms "wisdom." It was the glory of the first Christians to be treated as Christ was treated. And He was regarded as a fool. We should not be discouraged when we are called fools, too.

### HELPLESS LITTLE INFANTS

*In your October issue, page 157, you assert that "God knows everything about everybody and everything, not only from the moment they begin to exist, but from eternity." Last year an orphan asylum burned down, and a number of*

*helpless little children were trapped and burned to death. Surely, you don't mean to imply that God calmly listened to the cries of terror and pain from these innocent little children! I know that you would have risked your life to have saved them. If any person was nearby and had the chance to save them, but declined to do so, the title "fiend" for him would be inadequate. I cannot believe that God is less merciful than human beings. A father who wanted his children to endure pain and suffering before giving them toys or candy or ice cream would not be a good father. And would God permit an innocent child to burn to death in order to earn the reward of Heaven?*—J. M. C., RICHMOND HILL, N. Y.

Your difficulties are based on sentiment, rather than on reason. The burning of the children was the result of natural laws, with which God did not interfere. But that does not mean that God was pleased at the sight of suffering children. The Bible expressly says that "God has no pleasure in the destruction of the living." (Wis. 1:13) God permitted these little children to die, just as He permits other accidental deaths. But when we consider that their sufferings were the gate to eternal joys the horror aroused by them is assuaged. The Master of Life and Death permitted these little ones to lose a finite and temporary good for an infinite and eternal one. Do you suppose that these innocent children regret their accidental death? Is it better to live on in this world of suffering and sorrow and disappointment, and run the danger of losing one's soul, rather than to attain eternal life through an accidental death? What is life for, but to merit Heaven?

We must look at these things from God's viewpoint, as far as possible. Of course, if a person were able to help these suffering children, he would be obliged to do so. The law of charity urges to that. But such an objection is beside the point.

Your comparison of an earthly father allowing his children to suffer before giving them toys or candy or ice cream is a very inadequate simile. The joys of heaven cannot be compared to anything that we know. St. Paul says, "eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart, what things God hath prepared for those that love Him." Surely, you would not attempt to compare the joys of Heaven with toys, candy, and ice cream!

### MARRYING A DIVORCED MAN

*Can a baptized woman marry a divorced non-baptized man, if the latter is willing to be baptized in the Catholic faith? He was married before a Justice of the Peace to a baptized Catholic woman, and later divorced.*—N. N., OHIO.

According to the facts presented the marriage entered into before the Justice of the Peace was invalid. But the man could not marry a Catholic before obtaining a declaration of freedom from the diocesan matrimonial court. Cases of this kind must be brought before the proper ecclesiastical authorities.

### SISTERS AND BROTHERS IN LAW

*Can sisters-in-law and brothers-in-law get married?*—M. J.

There is no matrimonial impediment between relatives of married parties; that is, between a brother of the groom and a sister of the bride.

### THE KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

*I read with quite some interest your paragraphs on the Masonic Order in the January issue of THE SIGN. Will you please tell me by whom and for what reason the Church condemned the Knights Templar.*—J. R. W., St. LOUIS, MO.

Perhaps this extract from the "Life and Teachings of St. Bernard," by Ailbe J. Luddy, O.C.S.O., will best answer:

"The Templars comprised four classes of persons: the knights, who formed the heavy cavalry; the sergeants, or light cavalry; the farmers, to whom was committed the care of temporalities; and the chaplains who ministered to the spiritual needs of the brethren. It was their singular privilege to be directly subject to the Holy See and quite independent of all other authority, ecclesiastical or civil. Such favor and the wealth which rapidly accumulated in their hands, as well as their war-won glory, excited a good deal of jealous opposition. Nevertheless the Order continued to enjoy unexampled prosperity until the commencement of the fourteenth century. Philip the Fair ruled France at this period. Cupidity was his besetting sin, and he cast greedy eyes upon the extensive property which the Templars had won with the sword or acquired by donation. He would have that wealth by fair means or foul. Some degraded members were induced to charge their brethren with offences against faith and morality, and on the strength of this, the monarch commanded the arrest on the same day, October 13th, 1307, of all the white knights in his kingdom. There being no real evidence against them, they were tortured to force them to confess. Many died under the ordeal, and many others acknowledged themselves guilty as the only way of obtaining relief; they afterwards retracted their confessions, for which they were burnt to death, to the number of fifty-four, May 12, 1310. All this, not alone without authorization from Pope Clement V, but in despite of his vigorous protest. The pope at last suspended the powers of Philip's inquisitors and opened an inquiry of his own which extended to all the Christian countries. In Portugal, Spain, Germany, Italy and Cyprus the character of the Knights Templar was triumphantly vindicated. Whatever might be said of individuals here and there, the Order itself was proved innocent of the charges brought against it. This was the verdict of the general council of Vienne, October 16, 1311, at which the majority of the fathers voted for a continuance of the Order. But Clement, considering that, with so much opposition and suspicion against them, the Order of white knights, however innocent, could no longer be of service to the Church, decreed their dissolution, not as a punishment but as a measure of policy and prudence."

#### CHANGING ONE'S NAME

*A woman changed her name from Bridget to Theresa. Will you please tell me your idea of it?*—N. N., BOSTON, MASS.

We think that Bridget is a beautiful name, rich with memories of one of the noblest characters who ever lived. We don't think that either St. Bridget or St. Theresa would approve the change.

#### CONVENT LIFE

*Will you please give what information you can concerning convents, and the training required for missionary work?*—A. D., OIL CITY, PA.

This is a large question. Read "Convent Life," by Fr. Martin Scott, S.J. Price fifty cents, paper. It can be procured through THE SIGN.

#### CATHOLIC BURIAL

*Can a Catholic be buried in unconsecrated ground, beside the body of his non-Catholic wife? If not, why?*—C. S., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.

Canon law forbids the burial of Catholics, who die in the fold, in any place but consecrated ground. This law is motivated by the belief in the sacred character of the human body, which was the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Only in

rare instances will the bishop allow a departure from this rule.

#### CATHOLIC ITEMS

(1) *Are Catholics required to tip their hats when passing Sisters on the street, as they do when passing priests?*  
(2) *How is it that Spanish people impose the name Jesus on their children in baptism, whereas that Sacred Name is never given to English Catholics?* (3) *A certain newspaper man claimed that St. Patrick was neither a Catholic, nor a saint, nor an Irishman, and his name was not Patrick. Could you explain how he came to these conclusions?*—A. F. K., DORCHESTER, MASS.

(1) Catholic men and boys ought always to show their respect for Sisters and priests by tipping their hats when passing.

(2) It is simply a matter of custom. With the Latins it is a mark of respect to impose the name of Jesus in baptism, while with English Catholics it is a sign of reverence never to use it in this way. "Other countries, other manners."

(3) This question was answered at length in the September issue of THE SIGN, page 93. Ripley must have sources of information which convey half truths.

#### MAKING CONFESSION DIFFICULT

(1) *A certain person has not been to confession for years. When the time comes to confess he becomes so confused that he cannot bring himself to confess. What should he do?* (2) *Must a priest obtain permission from the Bishop in order to absolve one who makes a general confession?*—N. N., CHICAGO, ILL.

(1) All his worries will quickly be settled by going to a good confessor, and telling his state of mind. A good confession is easy. All that is required is a little humility and sincerity.

(2) The confessor will judge whether a general confession is necessary. The Bishop's permission is not necessary in order to grant absolution in a general confession.

#### FROGS ON FRIDAY

*While out camping this summer the question came up, "Are frogs considered abstinence fare?" Will you please give me your opinion?*—J. H. M., CRANFORD, N. J.

It is lawful to eat frogs on Friday, and other days of abstinence.

#### INDULGENCES OF STATIONS OF CROSS

(1) *Can a person gain the indulgences attached to the Way of the Cross more than once a day?* (2) *Should they be said only for the dead, or can they be said for the living?*—P. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(1) This question was answered in January number of THE SIGN. We repeat, that it is not certain whether the indulgences can be gained more than once a day.

(2) The indulgences attached to the Stations can be gained either by the one who makes them, or applied to the souls in Purgatory by way of suffrage. The Stations may be performed for the intentions of the living, but the indulgences cannot be applied to them.

#### PRAYERS FOR GEMMA'S LEAGUE

*I would like to know if the prayers of Gemma's League would interfere with the Heroic Act, offered for the Souls in Purgatory.*—J. K. H., SENECA, KAN.

Such prayer would not interfere when said in conformity with intention of the Heroic Act.

### PERSONAL REPLIES

To C. K., RICHMOND, IND. Purify your intention and use your talents for the greater glory of God.

To N. N., N. Y. The companionship is fraught with imminent and serious danger. There is only one solution, and that is to quit.

To Perplexed. Get your friend "The Question Box," by Fr. Conway. Price fifty cents, paper; and "The Faith of Our Fathers," by Card. Gibbons. Price thirty-five cents, paper. They may be procured through THE SIGN. He must be prepared to accept the Catholic viewpoint.

To A. R. D. It is the will of God that all grave sins committed after baptism must be confessed, if that is possible. It is possible to have one's sins forgiven outside the Sacrament of Penance, e.g., by means of a perfect act of contrition, but it is obligatory to confess one's mortal sins, despite that fact.

To J. J. C. Inform her pastor of the conditions which you mention. A letter will do no good. She knows her status as well as you do.

### GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

The following wish to make public acknowledgment of their thanks to various saints: J. C. S., MONTREAL, CAN.; E. L., SUMMIT, N. J.; M. B., ALLSTON, MASS.; A. A. F., MEDFORD, MASS.; M. D'E., EAST ELMHURST, N. Y.; M. K., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; J. W., ORANGE, N. J.; U. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.; D. B., PERRY, KAN.; J. C. S., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; H. V. M., NEW BRIGHTON, PA.; M. S., LOUISVILLE, KY.; J. A. M., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.; A. F. A., BROOKLINE, MASS.; L. Q., JAMAICA, N. Y.; C. G. O'L., LOUISVILLE, KY.; A. D., EAU CLAIRE, WIS.; T. W., PHILADELPHIA, PA.; C. M., WATERLIET, N. Y.; A. G., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; M. T., EAST ORANGE, N. J.; K. McC., LOUISVILLE, KY.; V. W., EVANSVILLE, IND.; M. F. D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; A. L. S., CHICAGO, ILL.

### THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

The following wish to make public acknowledgment of their thanks to St. Jude: M. R. W., DORCHESTER, MASS.; J. B. S., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.; M. E. L., WEST HARTFORD, CONN.; PASSIONIST SISTERS, CHILE; M. K., DORCHESTER, MASS.; C. N., SCRANTON, PA.; M. E., ST. ALBANS, N. Y.; F. G., PITTSBURG, PA.; A. T. M., BOSTON, MASS.; C. A. B., SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.; M. B., RIVER EDGE, N. J.; K. C. V., UNION CITY, IND.; M. D., McC., —; W. S. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. A. S., ST. PAUL, MINN.; T. J. McG., TULSA, OKLA.; M. C. T., HILLS, IOWA; R. A. L., IRVINGTON-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.; M. G. W., JAMAICA, N. Y.; T. F. L., —; L. S. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; E. F., VILLANOVA, PA.; J. R., ELMHURST, N. Y.; T. N., BALTIMORE, MD.; J. S. C., WEST HARTFORD, CONN.; E. D. B., MALDEN, MASS.; J. A. S., SUNBURY, PA.; F. I. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.; T. L. C., BRONX, N. Y.; I. McC., PITTSBURG, PA.; D. K. A., —; M. B. C., CHICAGO, ILL.; M. O'C., CHICAGO, ILL.; C. S. C., DORCHESTER, MASS.; C. H., WASHINGTON, D. C.; L. McK., KENSINGTON, CONN.; L. C. K., CHICAGO, ILL.; M. McG., SALEM, MASS.; W. J. G., NEW YORK, N. Y.; F. V. D., DORCHESTER, MASS.; M. E. Y., FLUSHING, N. Y.; L. C., UNION CITY, N. J.; M. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. E., BROCKTON, MASS.; E. S., J.; F. L. M., MALDEN, MASS.; C. B. C., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.; C. B., FOREST HILLS, N. Y.; D. D., McD., PORT CHESTER, N. Y.; G. M. O'S., QUEENS VILLAGE, N. Y.; M. C., ST. JOSEPH, MO.; A. D., ROXBURY, MASS.; A. T. M., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; K. E. H., JERSEY CITY, N. J.; M. M. S., NEW CASTLE, PA.; H. J. O'L., WIN-

THROP, MASS.; SRS. OF ST. FRANCIS, ST. JOSEPH, MO.; M. C., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; B. W., PITTSBURG, PA.; B. W., WEST SOMERVILLE, MASS.; W. S. A., NEW YORK, N. Y.; K. F., NEWARK, N. J.; M. L. K., EVANSVILLE, IND.; L. S. K., PITTSBURG, PA.; A. J. R., NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y.; C. K., CHARLESTOWN, MASS.; R. E., COVINGTON, KY.; J. J. N., NEW YORK, N. Y.; M. A. K., NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. M. S., PITTSBURG, PA.; M. T. & P. T., NEW YORK, N. Y.; E. F. E., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; F. S., WATERTOWN, MASS.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10 cents each or 15 for \$1.00.

## Communications

### THEY KEPT THE FAITH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In telling the story of the Southern Missions one must not overlook the great-hearted priests who in times past gave of their very best to The Great Cause. This humble effort, however, has to do with the heroism of the Lay Apostolate, without whose generous co-operation the work, in many instances, were in vain. Numbers, worn out with the cares and worries of life, have laid down the burden, to find rest and peace and happiness forever at the feet of God.

Others, however, have risen to the occasion, and it is of them I fain would speak, confirming my observations to those Christ-conquered souls whom I have met while trying to do my small part in carrying on the work of the Church in North Carolina.

Due credit must be given to the pioneer men who came to the Old North State in the early days and held to The Faith when the sneer of ridicule was heard on either side, and the finger of scorn met at every turn. Had these fore-runners proved faithless to their birth-right, there would be no story of the Church in the South today. To give a list of their names would tax the patience of the reader. It is well to know, however, that they are written in the Book of Life, there to remain through all eternity, an inspiration to the sinner, a joy to the saint.

But, in the end, the chief mead of praise must be given to the womenfolks whose sacrifices have meant, and still do mean, so much to the missionary laboring on the picket-line of Catholic activities.

Many a nun in her quiet cell dreams of the great work she would like to do for Christ and the Church, little suspecting that her seemingly poor efforts have a world-wide influence upon the lives of others. In our Catholic schools and colleges the good Sisters are training the pupils under their charge to take an active part in mission work of the Church, so that when they leave their Alma Mater they may help to carry down to ages yet unborn the noblest traditions of their kind.

To do full justice to the heroines of the missions proper, not to mention those wonder-workers assisting from the vantage-point of crowded Catholic centers, would fill many volumes. The mentioning of a few instances must suffice for the occasion.



Years ago the John Redmond family came from Ireland and settled at Lumberton, N. C. Their adherence to the ancient Faith did not add to the social or business advantages of the clan. Nevertheless, they carried on, hearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments when a priest chanced their way. Though the men folks met the situation manfully in those trying times, the major part of the burden naturally fell upon the women in safeguarding the children from the dangers to faith met upon every side, and sometimes reflected in the taunts of their school-mates.

A case in point. Aunt Maggie and her catechism class—but I had better not go into that, as the telling would take too long. A favored soul indeed, doing Christ's work in Christ's own way.

Delco, N. C., is just another wide place in the road, sixteen miles south of Wilmington, N. C. Nevertheless, Bart Applewhite and his good wife Madge have kept the home fires of the Church burning there these many years. Mr. Applewhite is, of course, taken up with the cares of the outside world, being local superintendent of farming experimentation carried on in the district, hence, the social, religious and educational burdens fall upon the frail shoulders of his loyal help-meet. And how well she solves each difficulty only God and the angels know. Suffice it to say that every problem is faced unflinchingly and the Cause of the Church advanced day by day—a worthy wife of a worthy husband and both guided by the Grace of God.

Smithfield, N. C., presents another heroine in the person of Mrs. D. H. Sanders. Being a farmer's housewife, with a husband and family to care for, not to speak of milking the cows, feeding the chickens and the manifold duties which fall to the lot of the women-folk "down on the farm," Mrs. Sanders finds time to serve God and the Church in her own quiet way. Friday afternoon she is wont to don her best bib and tucker, crank the old Ford and drive nine miles in order to teach catechism to a class of Syrian and other children in town. On the way home she calls at the chapel in Smithfield and arranges everything for the Sunday Mass. One naturally asks, "How can a busy housewife find time to do so much?" The answer is quite simple: "Where there is a will there is a way, and the Grace of God is a wonderful gift."

In the town of Sanford, N. C., lives another of The Lord's chosen—Mrs. Kate Edwards, known to all and sundry as "Aunt Kate." Years ago she married a Protestant gentleman, Mr. W. J. Edwards. And during the course of their wedded life bore him eight children. Notwithstanding the lack of spiritual opportunities afforded by the home town, the Catholic mother managed to raise all the children staunch members of the Church in name and in deed. In the early days Mrs. Edwards was wont to bundle up the youngsters, and journey to Raleigh or Charlotte, as the case might be, and take advantage of Holy Week. Easter and its spiritual blessing witnessed, the party would return home in the hope of hearing Mass and receiving the Sacraments at least sometime in the months to come. There is a Catholic mother for you!

The foregoing illustrations may be taken as an epitome of the great work carried on by the noble, Christ-conquered heroines of the Missions—and their name is Legion.

There is a beautiful Roman ceremony in which the Holy Father presents a Golden Rose to some favored lady, generally of royal birth. Now, it is out of the question for the Pope to make such a presentation to every heroine of the remote missions. In God's own good time, however, each shall be called before The Great White Throne to receive the Golden Rose of Eternal Life from the hand of Christ, as a reward for duty well done, a Cause richly served,—thanks be to God!

DUNN, N. C.

(Rev.) JAMES F. GALLAGHER.

## THE CATHOLIC EVIDENCE GUILD

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It was with much interest that I read the article in January issue of *THE SIGN* by Ed. O'Malley, A New Apostolate and I heartily agree with him, it is sure sad that we Catholic laymen do not get busy and help to spread our holy faith more than we do, and a Catholic Evidence Guild is one of the finest ways I think that a layman could interest himself in. I am from England where the work of this very nature is spreading rapidly and they have done wonderful work in the larger cities such as London, Manchester and other places, and even in the smaller towns, you will see good Catholic laymen on some favorable stand and answering the crowd question for question and very seldom is there any heckling or disturbance caused and, generally the crowd have been very interested. It is surprising that a large country like this has not advanced a step in this direction. There are thousands of real good souls ever searching for truth and only need some encouragement to take the final step towards Rome. How splendid it would be to see each town have its guild and spread the light of faith to our separated brethren. I feel ashamed at the indifference of our Catholic young men, they cannot answer a question on their faith and if they could they do not use the opportunity to spread the truths of their holy religion. It might hurt their human respects. I would wish that you through your wonderful magazine would keep this Evidence Guild idea before your readers and perhaps it may be the means of a start being made. I have studied a great deal on controversial subjects but would like to be put under an examination by a priest before I could go out to try and speak on doctrines of the church, but I am willing to do it and I would welcome any suggestion that you would publish in your magazine, just to tell us how to start. I know in this parish we have two priests but they have so much work to do that I could not in my heart expect them to give lectures on this subject; our priests are never done working, sick calls, early Masses, etc. God bless them for it though. I wish our Catholic young men would hustle up and get busy and help our good priests out by doing their part. We are lucky to be here with our holy faith and yet we never really appreciate it. But in closing I may say that I am very keen to see a real Catholic Evidence Guild in all towns and may God help us in such work.

EAST MCKEESPORT, PA.

JAMES F. BYRNE.

## FROM A CHINESE JESUIT

### EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Although I have not had the pleasure of meeting your Reverence personally, still I write to you in the confidence that we are friends, brought together by the bond of our common Catholic Faith.

I am a native Chinese Jesuit Priest and have recently come from Rome, where the Holy Father granted me a private audience, at which He displayed great interest in the Chinese Missions.

I am at present staying at the Rectory of the Church of the Nativity, 44 Second Avenue, and am trying to interest friends like you in my Missions.

If you find the work of interest to you, I would appeal to your charity to help me a little bit. I shall be most grateful to you for any kindness you may be able to afford, and your best friends will be the little Chinese children, whom you will have helped to find a place in Heaven.

Am finding it hard to secure help at present from some of my old friends on account of the unsettled business conditions.

I thank your Reverence in advance for any charity you may be able to extend my Mission work, and make a promise of prayers from both the Chinese children and myself that God will reward your Reverence an hundredfold.

New York, N. Y.

PETER CHAN, S.J.

# The Counsellor

## A STORY OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS

By ANNA BLANCHE MCGILL

"**G**OD'S WORLD!"  
From a lofty ridge David Floyd glanced down to lower peaks and farther down to valleys filled like great cups with morning sunlight. Wooded slopes of spruce, oak, hickory; sturdy rock-rooted vines and laurel, gave sense of pristine freshness. Unscarred the landscape by man's axe or plough. Hand of Creation's Lord alone was manifest—

"God's World!"

As David spoke, he lifted his chest and stretched his arms. Two-fold the mood of the gesture. There was the sensation of well-being in his young muscles—the exhilaration of having "taken a hill." Secondly, if indeed not firstly, there was the delight of the mountain-born in the majestic view.

All the sharper was this joy because of a long absence. For four years David had known chiefly the vistas of the Eastern city, where he had been working for his degree in medicine. Now, thrilled by the surrounding grandeur, it seemed that he had not drawn such a deep breath since he left his Southern Highlands. Arms outstretched, it was as though he would gather into his heart the scene, with all it meant of "home."

His heightened mood was assurance that he had done right in returning. He had known some hesitation when the offer of a good post in an Eastern hospital had promised present security and a brilliant future. But the mountains had tugged at his heart—the mountains and his cherished aim to share the fruits of his study with the uplanders—his own people. Blood of his blood they were, because through generations his clan and theirs had built their eyries upon these peaks.

During his moments of hesitation, David had written to Father Philip, to whom he owed his education and whatever he now was. Several years ago Father Philip had found him, a lonely little mountaineer, and had set his feet in the paths which had led to college and the medical school. So now, if Father Philip had any plans for his future, David felt bound to respect those plans. But when

asked for advice, Father Philip had replied:

"You are free to make your own decision. You have earned your right to it. I am content to know that, wherever you are, you will be serving fellow man."

When, however, David resolved to return, the priest had written more expansively: "I am glad. I did not want to sway you. But now that you have chosen the mountains, I rejoice. I have always felt that you could do so much more for your own people. We both know their reserve and pride and suspicion of the stranger, until he has proved himself a friend. You, as one of their own, are already proved. Look after their bodies and I shall remember their souls—though on this score I expect your help. I have an idea that between us we may be able to rival the psycho-analysts. Let me know when you have settled and I shall ride over to see you."

So here David was, home to his mountains. He had sent his baggage on ahead to his destination, the settlement hospital, feeling that he would relish a climb after his long train and motor journey. And now, looking down from his height, he was swept by a vivid memory of the first time he had seen Father Philip. One afternoon, when he had been squirrel hunting, he had glanced up and had seen a man on horseback silhouetted against the sky. With an alert young mountaineer's curiosity about the stranger, the "fotched-on" person, David had focussed his gaze upon the unfamiliar figure. Father Philip was regarding him with equal interest. Solicitude for the children of the peaks, for such as David, was the priest's motive for being on the scene.

Shepherd of a charge on the edge of the mountains, Father Philip had a lively interest in the people of the region. His overseas war service had first acquainted him with them. A few mountain boys had been in a company to which he was chaplain. Their sturdy manhood, picturesque

speech and history had stirred his zeal and imagination. The fact that his own people had helped to push the frontier westward gave him all the more feeling for the rugged stock that had wrung a livelihood from a wilderness of rocks and hills. When, on his return from overseas, his Bishop had sent him to this section of the State, he began riding out to see and study the mountaineers. His eyes and heart ached over their many needs—of spiritual ministrations, education, instruction in hygienic laws. His own duties did not permit the attention he would fain have given to them, but he hoped eventually to divert aid in their direction.

On one of his excursions, he had found David and had promptly recognized the child's gifts and possibilities. An orphan, David was living with his young uncle. Together the pair had raised enough for their sustenance. The life had given the boy a self-reliance, a hardihood, a rich woodlore; but he lacked other worthwhile training. The uncle made no objection to his going off to get "larnin'." During the summers, except those spent at the medical school, he came home to keep touch with his own people.

So here now, his novitiate ended, he was ready to serve them. The peak on which he stood was a Mount of Vision, whence he looked down upon "God's World" with a prayer, "O Lord, uphold my arm!"

He hesitated a few moments over a choice of paths and, as he debated, a scene of several years ago seemed about to be repeated. As he glanced downward he perceived a small boy—even as Father Philip must have seen him on the momentous day of their first acquaintance. He began descending. "A child shall lead them," he murmured—and fittingly, as children were so eminently the prime object of Father Philip's and his own thought and care.

**C**ARE was evidently an urgent need. The little one staggered, clutched at a twig to keep from falling, but finally sank to the ground. As he did so, a larger boy

appeared, bent over and tried to lift him.

Dr. David hastened. His trained eye discerned the fragility of the child—like a fairy there in the laurel. Quietly David took command of the situation, saying to the older boy: "I'll help you."

Keen scrutiny appraised him—and satisfactorily, as the response proved:

"I'll be mighty obliged. I was jes' studyin' if I could tote him home. When he gives down this-a-way, he haint much good at walkin'. He's got the rickets."

"If you can carry my kit, I'll take him." As he leaned down, the little one looked up with a delicate pretty face and the touching trust of weakness in strength. Together the three started down the rocky creek path.

Immediately the older boy's bright eyes were summing up David—

"I 'low you-uns air a town man—" David laughed—

"Not exactly. I was born in the mountains and I've come back to stay. My name's Floyd—Dr. Floyd. What's yours and your brother's?"

"Hit's Dan—like in the lion's den. An' he's Tad, 'cause he's always been so leetle. He's the least one."

Familiar with the vernacular, David asked:

"What about the others?"

"You mean Josh? He's older than me. An' Lew's the nex' step up from him. An' Polly an' Debby—"

"That's fine," observed David, supposing the family roster complete—but Tad's sweet small voice piped:

"An' Rosey—"

"Rosey? Where does she come in?"

DAN waited a moment, then answered:

"Nex' to Mammy."

"Next to your Mother? Is she your aunt?"

"No, she's a girl. Our sister. But she's kindly like another Mammy. Anyhow like Tad's Mammy, 'cause she had to take so much care of him when he was a babe, an' Mammy was sick."

David could visualize Rosey. Doubtless the oldest girl—and one of the burden bearers.

As the conversation proceeded, the three had drawn near to a cabin in a clearing. It was a shack of the better type, with a good porch, flowers in the dooryard, a glass window or two. More glass windows than usual

were seen in the mountains since schools and social settlements had begun to spring up. In the doorway stood a girl with auburn hair, grave sweet face, slender but strong figure—

"There's Rosey," cried out Tad.

She had flashed a glance at the stranger, but obviously her eyes and thought were all for the little one, who began to squirm at sight of her. David let him down and his unsteady legs staggered toward her. With wholesome laughter from both, Rosey gathered him into her arms and then spoke to David:

"You're good to carry him. He's puny. He can't keep up with Danny."

"Mebbe he kin giv us some new lin'ment—he's a doctor," said Dan.

"Are you?" asked Rosey, her eyes and smile brightening.

"Yes, I'm on my way to the settlement hospital, but I was born in these hills," answered David, and the girl eagerly said:

"I'll call mother."

But the voices had already brought Mrs. Stacy to the porch.

"You'll take dinner with us?" she said, after the first greetings, and David accepted because he was used to mountain hospitality and because he saw a chance to begin helping Tad immediately. When the meal was over, Rose whispered to her mother: "You and Dr. Floyd go out on the porch. Debby and Polly will help me to tidy up." By this time David had won the family's friendship. Shortly after he and Mrs. Stacy were settled on the porch, the mother began her confidences:

"I don't know why Tad's so feeble. The others are strong and peart. I don't understand why Tad don't grow faster, excepting that he didn't get as good a start as the rest of them. I come down sick when he was a babe after my husband got killed in the mine shaft. Rose was as good to him as she knew how. But I reckon he needed me. The rest are healthy as pine knots—and they're smart, too. I've sent the whole crowd to the school ever since it started—even if I needed them at home sometimes to help me with the crop and the cattle. All of them can write and read and figure most as fast as the teachers—even Debby and Polly. Josh is a master reasoner about his book larnin'. He'd make a fine lawyer, if I didn't need him to help."

David was touched to see how the bars of the mother's reserve had dropped before another mountaineer. Cordially he responded:

"Yes, they are a fine set of children. And what about Rose?" What are her talents? I see she's a great help—"

THE mother looked at him meditatively a few moments, finally answering,

"Why, there's no end to the things she does. She can weave the neatest you ever saw. And knit lace as fine as a spider web. And she's the prettiest singer." Her speech ran faster and her eyes grew brighter, as she sang her litany in honor of such a darling daughter. She paused a moment and then resumed:

"But I reckon what she does best of all is give counsel—"

"Give counsel?" repeated David. The unexpected reply piqued his curiosity. "Gives counsel—how do you mean?"

"Yes," replied the mother, "gives counsel—listenin' to people and helpin' them. Sometimes I think that's what she's best of all at. Looks like everybody kind o' leans on her. The children—and I do myself. When the others were babes or toddlin', and I was busy or maybe sick, she just as good as kept them alive. They mind her better than they do me. And it's the same way with the others besides her own—the youngsters round about. She's a powerful help with skittish girls and wild boys. Many of them—like Bruce Hardin—quit drinkin' and slacked up on cursin' on account of her coxin' and layin' down the law. The teachers at the settlement school set heap of store by her. When they had taught her all she could take in down there, they wanted her to go a while to the college in town. I didn't think I could spare her—though I wanted her to go. The teachers kept Debby and Polly and Dan, so I wouldn't have anything but Tad and the 'property' to take care of, and that was easy with Josh's help. I even read a heap in the pretty books they brought me and finished even some new quilts and kivers that the teachers sold for me, because I wanted Rosey to have some spendin' money of her own down there at college among strange folks—"

As the mother talked, her passionate love and dreams for her children, her own idealism, stamped her



face with beauty and nobility. David was to learn afterward what sacrifices she had made to gain education for the children and how she had begun to study with them when the settlement school was opened. Her father had been one of the mountaineers who had given land for the first log school.

To find so good a breed was encouraging to David. It was welcome reassurance of what excellent stock could be found in these isolated peaks. What sturdy character of their own, what wholesome Old World heritages had kept them sound and strong, had fed their aspirations, though deprived of schools, churches, and the outside world's other aids to right living? They justified Father Philip's hopes and plans for them. Rich in deserts certainly were this brave mother and her young daughter, so uniquely endowed with her blessing of the Holy Spirit, the Gift of Counsel. David could not resist a gentle smile as he thought of the mother's characterization of Rosey. Yet how beautiful after all it was, this power of guiding others, which as a matter of fact often called into action those other golden gifts—Wisdom, Understanding, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, Fear of the Lord!

As Rosey reappeared on the scene, goodness looking forth from her clear young eyes, grace investing her strong slender figure, David was ready to believe her possessed of choicest traits and potencies—including the sense of humor manifest in her words:

"I suppose Mother has been telling you tall tales about her children—"

David laughed as he responded:

"Well, at least we are agreed that little Tad deserves all that can be done for him. All he needs is a little doctoring and watching. If you could trust him to me a little while down at the hospital, I am sure that he would soon begin to mend."

The mother had been taking the measure of the young doctor, and her expansiveness about her children was proof of her confidence in him. She replied:

"I'd do anything to get him strong and give him a good holt on life. Rosey, I reckon you and Josh can carry him down before dark after we get him cleaned up—"

WHILE they discussed details, down the path to the right

came a handsome dark-haired, dark eyed youth, carrying a "dulcimore," as the mountaineers call the indigenous instrument, which has cheered many lonely hours in this isolated region.

"Is that another member of the family?" David asked.

The children tittered and Rose flushed a little. The mother answered:

"No, that's Bruce Hardin. Sheriff Hardin's boy."

The lad flashed a glance at the group. Toward himself David discerned a blend of curiosity and suspicion.

Young Hardin came on with a complacent air. David easily read him—the self-satisfied youth, spoiled by local prestige for looks and prowess. Clad in home-spun, his collar open at the neck, his shoes once good but scuffed, he had a certain charm and force of personality. Almost as tall as David, there was a native grace in his long, strong limbs. He might have fitted into some picturesque Old World scene—a gallant or chieftain of those Elizabethan times or later, when his forebears set forth across the Atlantic. David could understand Rosey's half fond, half maternal expression as the boy sat down beside her, saying:

"I brung the dulcimore I been cyarvin' out for you. Hit shore has a meller voice, ef I do say so. Just makes you wanter pick an' sing all day—"

Laying his handiwork across his knees, he began briskly playing and singing:

"There came two gypsies from the north,

They were all wet and weary O,  
They sang so neat and so complete,  
It charmed the heart of the lady O.

The children hummed along with him and as he finished the strains of "The Gypsy Laddie," Dan said: "Play Sourwood Mountain." As Bruce picked away: "Chickens am a-crowin' in the Sourwood Mountain," David joined the children in the refrain.

When the chorus subsided, Bruce looked quizzically at David and commented:

"Taint many town men knows that song-ballet—"

"But I'm a hill boy, too," protested David. "I was born two mountains over—"

"An' he's going to stay," remarked Dan.

"Down at the hospital—he's a doctor," said Rose.

"And I must be getting down there. Thank you for a fine dinner, Mrs. Stacey."

As David was taking his leave, Bruce rose and drawled out:

"I guess I'll be going along, too."

David had the feeling that Bruce wanted to keep an eye on him. If the young doctor had come back to his own people, expecting to study them, he had not made the mistake of thinking he was going to be immune from their speculations about him. Greek was meeting Greek as the two tall young hill men took their way down the mountain side.

"YOU aimin' to settle at the hospital?" Bruce inquired after a few paces.

"Yes," was the reply.

"Reckon you've fatched along plenty of citified drugs—" David laughed as he answered:

"No, not so many. I'm a great believer in mountain air, soap and water, good food and good beds. 'They're worth more than a whole drug store full of medicine!'"

Bruce waited a few moments and then remarked:

"Mountain air and good food's all right—with mebbe a leetle moonshine mixed in sometimes."

"No, the more left out the better."

Like many children of the region, David had early known the taste of mountain brew, but he had conceived a distaste for it when he had heard that it might stunt his growth.

"You don't look as though you had drunk a great deal," he observed, "else you might not have shot up so tall."

"I reckon I stand most as high as you, barefoot," boasted Bruce.

"Yes, I believe you do," assented David.

"I ain't drunk a lot of late. Rosey's so fierce agin hit. What's more, sence Dad's been sheriff an' I ride a heap with him an' the revenooers, hit don't look natural for me to be a-goin' around, all tanked up. Hit would be easy to turn court agin us, ef they got anything on me."

David noted the practical, rather than the ethical, vein in Bruce's logic.

"I hope the stills are not giving much trouble."

"They've let up some. But there's a passel of guys back in the hollows—I sniffed their smoke the other

day. We're aimin' to git 'em, when the moon's a little farther gone."

David did not relish the prospect. Though law must be upheld, he knew that a local melodrama might ensue which would light vindictive fires, slow to die down.

**A**FTER a few moments Bruce changed the subject:

"I'm a-courtin' Rosey—"

"Are you?" rejoined David, adding to himself: "and I'm given fair warning."

"I reckon we'll get married when she gits larnin' enough. She's moughty took up with books and fatched-on notions sence school started up."

"What about you?"

"I've got some learnin', too. Me an' Rosey an' her brother Josh was some of the first scholars at the school." Apparently grammar had made less impression upon him than upon the Staceys.

"Well, the more you have, the better. You'll have to keep up with Rose."

"I mought larn me some law. I could make more money in the mines, but it's harder work."

David smiled and the pair rode a while in silence. The young physician saw that a little drama was getting under way. At the Staceys it had been plain that Bruce was in love with Rose. Then and now he had tried to play up to the stranger, whose presence was not entirely welcome.

But what about Rose? David had noted her motherly air toward Bruce, helping him to make the best of himself, his singing, his carving of the dulcimer. But she was so obviously of a finer grain. And, as she seemed to have done so much for others, did she not merit something herself? Did she not deserve to have forces put in play for her own sake? Surely a larger purpose would be served if she, as well as these younger mountaineers, were given all possible chance to develop. As his thought thus whirled, David reflected: "I seem to have had a good handful of destinies put in my way immediately. Father Philip may decide that I'll need first aid from the psychoanalysts as well as from him."

Parting from Bruce at the hospital, David passed quickly up the steps, as eager to begin his work as his new associates were to have his expert skill. Immediately upon his

arrival there he swung into action.

"You're a God-send," declared Miss Allen, the head nurse, as he passed from bedside to bedside, giving good general advice and making specific suggestions for several cases that had baffled the hospital staff.

Later that evening as he sat on the porch, surveying the landscape, it seemed that illness could scarcely exist in this clear air. Yet he knew that there was crying need for his services. Typhoids and other epidemics often went on rampage. He wanted especially to grapple with children's diseases, for his prime concern was to assure his young fellow hillmen a good start in life—such as Father Philip had given to him. And now, as he glanced down the road, he saw one of his prospective patients. Tad and his sister were coming along, on horseback. The little fellow was in front, and Rose's arm held him tightly while her hands held the bridle.

David hastened to help the pair dismount. He took Tad in his arms. Tad was already too sleepy to offer any objections, if he had any. His tired little head went down on David's shoulder. Rose's confidence appeared in her eyes and words:

"I believe he's going to be alright here—"

"I think we'll put him to bed immediately," said the physician.

Rose lingered till the child's deep slumber on his comfortable bed signified that the pet lamb was safe for the night in the sandman's fold. As his sister rose to leave, David stood, too, saying:

"I'll ride back with you—I'll tell the nurse to listen in case he stirs, which seems unlikely—"

"No need for you to come," answered the girl, "I'm not afraid—"

David laughed:

"Of course not. I know we live here in the days of the good King Alfred." There were indeed no locks on cabin doors, and unless a grudge were smoldering, there was little danger in being abroad in the hills. Meantime, David was continuing:

"It's such a fine night, I shall enjoy the ride, and you can talk to me about Tad and tell me how to treat him. I want to do the best for him."

Together the two climbed by wood paths and creek beds to the Stavey cabin. Moonlight was sifting through the trees, working magic on peak and vale and laying an enchantment upon David's spirit. After the noisy

city of his recent sojourn, the peace of the uplands was paradisaical. And his mood of content was heightened by the presence of the poised, lovely daughter of the hills, riding beside him or just ahead, as they discussed little Tad or other subjects. The time, the place and Rose were giving David a deep sense of at-home-ness.

But this mood was abruptly broken as the nearby leaves rustled, a horse neighed and Bruce's voice hallooed.

"I thought maybe you might be ridin' home about this time," said the boy. "You needn't bother to come the rest of the way, Doc."

David knew an instinctive annoyance as well as amusement. His first inclination was to remain in the path beside the girl, but a second thought told him it would be unwise to start his career in the neighborhood by antagonizing even such a callow youth as Bruce.

"Very well," he responded, "if Miss Stacey will excuse me, I'll turn back."

However, in spite of his yielding, he had a feeling of being on the defensive against Bruce or, more truthfully, in a protective mood towards Rose. It did not seem fair that a choice nature like hers should be hampered by a lesser—Browning to the contrary:

"Make the low nature better by your throes,  
Give up the gain below, go up for gain above."

**T**HERE ought to be a way of giving Rose and Bruce chance for self-development in the most ideal manner.

Throughout the week Rose or the mother appeared every day. Sometimes when they lingered till dusk David walked part of the way or rode back with them. One evening Bruce swaggered in, his jeans and homespun superseded by "citified" clothes, which somehow detracted from rather than enhanced his "looks." He was a trifle flushed—not intoxicated, but evidently he had taken some liquor.

"I come to take Rose home. You needn't bother to leave these sick folks," he remarked. Being thus reminded of his duty struck David's sense of humor. He bit his lips to restrain any irritating answer, little as he liked the idea of Rose's being left to such an escort.

The days that followed were too filled with work and plans for David to have any time, if he had inclina-

tion, to engage in a romantic comedy or to attempt any rivalry—even though Rose's welfare were his ultimate purpose. He had been obliged to concentrate much thought and energy upon several stubborn cases. The new knowledge and experience, which he had so recently brought from the larger hospitals and clinics of the outside world, gave him a prestige with the local doctors and nurses and made them depend on him more than his modesty might have desired. His wholesome personality and understanding made the mountaineers more amenable than they would have been to a stranger.

"Your coming is certainly providential," declared Dr. Carr, "with all these fever patients and the broken bones from that blow-up at the mines."

DE MUR as he might to compliments, David took satisfaction in not having been idle a moment. And he rejoiced to have been able to help his "star patient," as little Tad was termed. Supervised diet and the novelty of stretching his weak little legs in his own bed, instead of being crowded in with his big brothers, all this was bringing color to his cheeks and strength to his body. Rose's alert intelligence saw and delighted in his improvement and the science which accomplished it. An object lesson to the community was the child's recovery. Old Aunt Jane Sloan, who had been a conscientious objector to some of the new hygiene introduced by the school and hospital, was spokesman for the neighborhood when she said:

"Hit looks like some of them fotched-on notions about victuals an' fresh air in season an' out, an' washin so stiddy, might turn out not to be so everlastin' hurtful after all."

Indeed so far as the beneficent uses of the hospital, and David's work in particular, were concerned, perhaps the only local skeptic was Bruce:

"Looks like Tad'll get puny, lyin' up here this-a-way. Looks like he'd get well faster, ef he was out, runnin' the hills with the other children. He'll shore get punier than ever, lyin' up here this-a-way. Taint no way to treat a boy—"

Yet he did his share of pampering. He seemed unable to stay away from the premises. He was constantly bringing Tad a gift—a white arrow head, a rosy apple, a quaint gourd, a "poppet"—a doll carved from

wood. But his solicitude was plainly not dispassionate. Coincidence alone could not account for his arrival when Rose was likely to be present, as she was so frequently. Whenever he was around in the evenings, he made it clear that he intended to ride back with her and that a similar chivalrous service from David was unnecessary.

Because he was so assiduous, David was surprised one evening when he did not appear. Hence, as Rose was leaving, the physician said: "I think I'll ride with you. I want to talk over some new plans for Tad."

The moon, diminished to last quarter, was sagging down the sky, making the scene a vague, mist-filled region, dream-like, soothing. Her young shoulders erect, her girlish lines swaying as her horse picked its way, Rose herself moved in the eerie light like the figure of a dream. And as he rode behind her, handsome, vigorous, not unlike some gallant knight in a tale of chivalry, David knew with the beauty of a sharp sweet revelation that for him she was a dream coming true—one of his own people, a mountain girl, realizing his ideals of lovely, capable, tender womanhood. His heart was swept by a longing to serve her, to see that her rich possibilities were fulfilled. Expert in salvage work on the physical plane, he now felt a challenge to secure scope for the spiritual graces which she embodied. Evidently the teachers believed in her. Her neatness, good diction, quickly working brain did credit to what they had done for her—or, better still, had helped her to do for herself. No telling how far she might go. But, even if to expand and refresh her mind, she should from time to time pass beyond her native peaks, perhaps after all the most propitious soil for her—as for his own spirit—was this mountain land of theirs.

His thoughts had plunged him into a silence. And he noticed that she, too, seemed wrapped in deep meditation. He hoped that young Hardin would not appear, to mar the quiet harmony in which they were mounting the hillside.

"Bruce seems to have business elsewhere to-night," he remarked.

"I'm troubled about Bruce, to-night. His father's been on the track of a still on the other side of the peak. Bruce will be with him if the raid starts. He's hot-headed and

even quicker than the older man on the trigger. The worst of it is we never know where trouble will end, once it flames out."

"It's a shame! A youngster like Bruce ought to be in school, being trained for life—instead of wrecking it!"

"Yes, that's right. I wish you would talk to him."

David laughed, as he answered: "I'm afraid it wouldn't do much good . . . I don't think he cares much about me . . . I suspect you know why."

Rose slackened her horse's pace and glanced at him with unself-conscious eyes.

"You know how hill folks are about strangers."

"Yes, I know. Though some of you don't seem to have any grudges against me."

"We couldn't. You have been so good to us!"

David laughed, gently demurring: "I'm afraid Bruce suspects my motives . . . I know he's in love with you . . . I don't want to make him mad—if there's anything settled between you."

They were riding slowly, almost halting. In the dim moonlight David could see the wonder, the flash of a new dream in Rose's eyes, as she regarded him.

"I want the best for him," she began slowly, "but . . . there's nothing yet."

The words were not off her lips when a blare of shots rent the air.

"The raid!" cried Rose. Her horse and David's champed at their bridles, as the riders listened, tense and anxious. Emergency sounded an alarm for the young physician:

"Shall I follow up?" he said quickly.

"Yes, you better," declared Rose. "I'm afraid there'll be need! There always is!"

"I have to leave you. Perhaps I better dash down and get my kit."

"Yes, and a nurse if one's ready—as she will be when the shots are heard—I'd go with you, but I must get to mother. She'll be worried. I'll be down to-morrow—or maybe to-night with Josh."

SWIFTLY David returned to the hospital. It was like a military station—immediately at attention and ready to serve. A nurse and orderly were about to start off—"Go on, I'll overtake you," said David.



When he had picked up his kit and started forth the head nurse said: "We'll be ready here—there are usually casualties in an affair of this type."

**U**P THROUGH the woods, picking a perilous way over rocky paths, David rejoined the others. An occasional use of flashlights grotesquely pricked out shapes of trees, horses and riders in the stillness, broken only by the rustle of leaves, the crunch of hoofs. Then on a sudden the galloping of steeds up the hillside, and the relief corps spurred ahead. But finally a groan in the near distance slackened their pace. Cautiously they felt their way through the brush overhanging a bluff. There, amid the disordered paraphernalia of the "still," lay Bruce with his father bending over him, both wounded, but the boy the weaker and more badly hurt of the two.

"They winged Bruce because they thought he had peached on them," murmured the father. They got him first. When me an' the posse heard the shots, we come hot-foot. We made a wide circle and caught 'em, but first they got me in the leg an' rifle arm. I dragged back to find the boy." His breath was nearly gone from weakness, stalwart as his frame was. He was like Bruce but of tougher fibre. With his fearless black eyes, black hair and eyes, he was even more self-possessed and dominant.

"Do for the boy first," he said, rather as giving an order than as making a request. But already the two physicians were ready to do what was possible for both, before carrying them down to the hospital.

David leaned over Bruce—now anything but the swaggering hero of a romance. Flat on the ground, his clothes torn and blood-stained, he nevertheless looked up with a glimmer of defiance in his eyes, muttering:

"You got to try your luck on me?"

"I hope it will be luck," retorted David cheerfully, as he deftly began cutting away the jagged garments, preparatory to sterilizing and bandaging as best he could for the time being.

First aid rendered, still remained the task of getting the pair down the hill—

Mr. Hardin can ride behind me," said Dr. Carr, "on Dr. Floyd's horse

—my own will follow me. And Miss Dean can come along on the other." David and the orderly were to carry Bruce down on the emergency stretchers. Loss of blood from the shots had exhausted him.

Slowly and carefully the cortege wound down the precarious slopes. For all his preoccupation with his patients, David had a keen sense of the episode's picturesqueness—the thickly wooded, moonlit scene, the personal elements involved, the melodrama which had kindled the spark.

"Wouldn't my city friends think this was local color with a vengeance!"

Meantime, poor Bruce was moaning and David knew it was not entirely because of his wounds.

"It galls him to be at my mercy. It does seem to be ironical!"

Once they got the pair into bed, with everything ready for the night, David said:

"I'll sleep on the cot beside the boy. He's restless. I don't want those bandages disturbed."

Night after night he thus kept vigil, with one eye open. Day by day, he faithfully watched.

Rose, too, rose loyally to the situation. Coming down every day to see Tad, she brought nourishing tid-bits to Bruce, sat by him, read to him. But the boy was too disgruntled to be easily cheered.

"Looks like I oughter to be gittin' up. 'Taint the first broken bones I've had and they knit faster'n this. I wish you'd ask that other doctor to take a look at me if he gits a chanct."

"I will not! Nobody could be better to you than Dr. Floyd has been."

"I ain't so sure . . ." mumbled Bruce, "Looks like he's got you all spell-bound."

"Don't be childish."

David heard the words of each as he passed the threshold.

"Alright?" he called in and passed on.

It was tough on Bruce to lie there ignominiously, and be cared for by someone he had a grudge against.

Meanwhile, seeing Rose's gentleness and tenderness during her visits to the sick boys and her many other corporal works of mercy, David was haunted by the mood which had swept him the night of the outbreak. But she was so preoccupied with Tad, and David was so busy, their more personal relations must wait.

Besides, it did not seem fair to Bruce to take any advantage of his being temporarily out of the combat. Man to man they could take their chances when he recovered. Yet when David's work subsided and he strolled forth for brief relaxation in the evenings, thoughts of Rose kept stealing into his imagination. Accustomed as he was to making diagnoses, he often found himself analyzing her as he did his patients. This one evening he communed with himself:

"The best traits of mountain womanhood come to fruition in Rose. From pioneer times down to today it has taken heroines to build homes in these peaks. Like the woman of Proverbs, they have 'set their hand to strong things' and their 'fingers have taken hold of the spindle.' Field and fireside have known their toil. They have sown crops and garnered. They have 'sought wool and flax.' For centuries their love has brooded over their children, often desperately kept alive in spite of privations. Their role has been to salvage life in a land of feud, flood, epidemic, where man and nature have often wrought violence. The flame of their affection glows in Rose's devotion to her sisters and brothers and in her half maternal feeling for Bruce and the other mountain boys and girls. Though she's so young, the wisdom and understanding of generations of mountain mothers shines in her eyes."

"Wisdom and understanding . . ." suddenly David checked himself—"I seem to be naming the Gifts of the Holy Ghost!" . . . Yet, why not? Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, Fear of the Lord—did she not possess them as well as that Gift of Counsel which her mother had ascribed to her? And as his emotion exalted her, there flashed into his mind another Rose of a noble American landscape—her namesake, whose spirit had left its imprint upon a continent—St. Rose of Lima. What graces of the spirit might not bloom from the heart of this lovely Rose of the Kentucky hills and spread afar.

**A**S HIS mood mounted to this climax, Rose came down the road, as though his thought had conjured her. He hastened toward her, his mood unmistakably lighting his face. But there was a strange little aloofness about her, an elusiveness, as if she were not going

to pause now. Then very earnestly: "Will you look in on Bruce?" she said.

"Anything wrong?" he asked.

"Nothing alarming," she smiled and was gone.

MAKING his way to the hospital, David entered Bruce's room. "Hello, how are you—alright?"

"Yes, I reckon I'm going to be—some day. Set down, won't you?"

It was the first politeness the boy had ever shown the physician; who scarcely knew what to make of the unwonted courtesy.

"Been reading?" queried David to make conversation, as he noted a magazine on the coverlet.

"No, I haint been readin'—I been thinkin' Lyin' up here with nought else to do, I've been thinkin' pretty deep, an' I've made up my mind to give up thoughts of marryin'."

"Have you?" replied David as dispassionately as he could.

"Yes—that is right away. Some day I reckon maybe I will. But I pint-blank haint got time jest now. I'm a-goin' to get me some more larnin'. I aim to be a smart lawyer. Maybe I'll go to Washington an' be in Congress after a while."

David envied the speaker the full tide of self-esteem which bore him along so exuberantly.

"I aimed to tell you because you've treated me white an' hit don't seem fair to do you no ill turns. Sence I been laid up here I been seein' your fancy was set on Rose, an' I ain't-a-goin' to stand in your way."

Magnanimity could go no farther—but Bruce was continuing:

"You could-a dropped me over the cliff when you wuz bringin' me down the night of the raid. An' while I been lyin' here I reckon you could-a picked me out of the way with a leetle poison on one of them thar needles in your kit. But you didn't. I've been pint-blank give-out, lyin' up here—but I've had one eye on you all the time, an' you hain't tried anything low down on me—even ef you have been tarnation slow gittin' me well. Maybe you couldn't help that . . . How long do you think it will take me to larn all about law?"

"There's a good deal to it," declared David, "but if you get to work and study, you can learn fast. I have some friends who will help you."

"Alright. I reckon I'll be startin' as soon as you git me up."

"Fine!"

"I done told Rose I give her up. Anyhow she said she wouldn't have no boy that wouldn't pull hisself together an' get larnin'. I see she was stuck up with your smartness an' nice clothes an' curin' Tad an' all—she never denied it when I accused her of bein' spell-bound."

David's heart gave a leap. The more Bruce talked, the more his boyishness became evident and the less eligible for Rose he seemed. But at least his ingenuous frankness had done a good turn to David, who now could not wait to test the truth of what Bruce had hinted. Flinging himself upon his horse, he galloped up the hillside, in the hope of overtaking Rose. In sight of her old home he found her.

"I looked in on Bruce," he said, as he dismounted and joined her. and in a few moments he added: "Bruce has been telling me that he intends to study law"—and David smiled mischievously as he added: "and he is trying to put all distracting thoughts from his mind."

Rose glanced at David speculatively, finally remarking:

"I'm glad. His mind's too good to waste."

"With him off your mind," David began, "maybe you will have time for someone else."

"If any one needs me," she replied meditatively, gazing dreamily over the valley.

"Some one decidedly does—would you mind turning this way?"

As she turned, the moon had swung clear of clouds and its light fell full on David's face—and for both these children of the quiet hills who know the spell of great silences in high moods, for them as for all joyous lovers anywhere the immortal poet's words did fresh service: "I were but little happy could I say how much!"

even more so that it was already . . . side the house while Rose went to bring her mother to him, David glanced over vale and hills filled with the moon's silvery radiance, and as he gazed he murmured: "God's World! God's World!" That's what his dear Counsellor would help him to make this beautiful land—even more so than it was already—"Thy Kingdom come on earth! I must write to Father Philip to-night! Won't he be glad to know how irrevocably rooted I'm going to be in his—in our—mountains?"

## To A Mexican Martyr

By H. E. G. ROPE

THEY thought to do thee shame  
And brand thy name,  
Poor fools of ravening, purblind hate.  
But thou hast won  
Unending benison  
Smiling on death, erect, elate.

Thy youth, at manhood's door,  
Stands evermore  
Complete with martyrdom and crown'd.  
No failure, loss,  
But triumph of the Cross  
And goal's attainment at one bound.

Sit at thy feet this night  
Ah! would I might,  
Thy laughter hear, thy kindling speech.  
Revilin' thee  
Foes could not quench thy glee;  
Their pardon thy last words beseech.

O valiant soul and chaste,  
Now sudden plac'd  
'Mid those who triumph without end  
Oh pray for me  
In life who knew not thee,  
And in this hour of need befriend.

# The Bridge-Building Brotherhood

## IN ITS ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT

By EDMUND B. MALONEY

**B**RIDGES have a fascination about them, quite apart from whatever beauty they intrinsically possess or that may have been imparted in developing the design. Like most colossal achievements they attract more attention and stimulate more interest during the formative period or while actual construction is going forward than they do after completion. During this era of powerful machinery, rapid transit, and ingeniously contrived tools for working and handling metals, as well as the amazing development in the manufacture of steel, we have witnessed the erection of many noteworthy bridges.

Consider the Quebec bridge which spans the noble St. Lawrence, staunch and firm after a series of tragic failures attending its construction. Or the Bear Mountain bridge gracefully suspended over the Hudson conveying the steady course of motor traffic bound for the New England States. Or the mammoth bridge over the Delaware River, a new artery for the stream of life pulsating between Camden and Philadelphia. And already a start has been made to surpass all in magnitude and spin a web of steel from the Palisades in New Jersey to Manhattan Island with a span approximately 3,500 feet in length.

One could continue long enumerating the many steel or masonry bridges of distinction constructed during the present generation. Each has its own engaging story; each has its own romance. The purpose of this narrative however is to recall to mind the activities and accomplishment during the Middle Ages of the Bridge-Building Brotherhood of the Catholic Church.

Travelers in Europe marvel at the numerous picturesque stone arch bridges which span the rivers throughout France. Some are of great antiquity and rare beauty. Many of these were built in the latter part of the twelfth century and in the first of the thirteenth by this Brotherhood. The pleasing lines, the durable material, and the skillful workmanship of these structures attest the ability of that Brotherhood and invite us to inquire into the

known history of its birth and development.

"The finest result of the religious spirit in the Middle Ages," says Jusserand (a French historian) "was to produce that disinterested enthusiasm which, as soon as some distress of humanity became flagrant, immediately created societies for help and rendered self-denial popular. For example, one of these distresses was seen in the power of the infidel, and the Crusades were the consequence. The forsaken condition of the lowest classes in the towns was noticed in the thirteenth century, and St. Francis sent for the consolation of the neglected those mendicant friars who were at first so justly popular though their repute so quickly changed. After the same fashion travelers were considered as unfortunates deserving pity, and help was given them to please God. A Religious Order with this end in view was formed in the twelfth century—that of the Bridge-Building Brotherhood."

There is plenty of evidence that the Church viewed with favor any works that tended to the relief of travelers and particularly of pilgrims, and regarded them as works of piety quite as much as of public utility.

Our earliest accounts of the Brotherhood seem to point to the Benezet bridge in Avignon. Although the origin of the Brotherhood is wrapped in much obscurity, it probably developed gradually during the construction of that bridge.

The old city of Avignon, encircled by ancient crenellated walls to keep out the hostile hordes, is situated on the gently sloping banks of the River Rhone in the south of France. In the twelfth century it was a center of much activity, for the country folk came there on market days with their donkeys laden with produce, and their great wheeled ox-carts filled with the fruits of the field, vineyard and dairy. Unfortunate were they who were forced to cross the river—a wide swift stream hurrying restlessly on toward the sea. At certain seasons the current was swift and dangerous

for the little ferries plying back and forth. The remarkably violent winds to which that locality is subject increased the hazard still more. Many lives were lost in attempting to cross the river at such times. Many a pilgrim set out joyously from Avignon only to perish in the rapid, treacherous waters before reaching the opposite shore. Seldom did a market-day pass but in the public square and in front of the wine shops the people heard the tidings of another sunken ferry. They crossed themselves, breathed a prayer for the unfortunate, and resumed the business of barter and trade. Thus life in Avignon in the twelfth century. A bridge was not even dreamed of.

On the grassy slope beyond the city lived a boy named Benezet who as a youth tended his mother's flocks and lived the simple life of the country folk of that period. From his childhood he was prayerful and given to pious practices. As he grew older he became contemplative and sought the solitude of field, forest and river. His love of God did not diminish as he grew older, and his compassion for unfortunate wayfarers frequently found vent in prayer. It is related that one day while watching the turbulent waters whirl a frail little ferry to destruction he had a vision in which he was inspired by God to build a bridge over the river and save the lives of travelers.

He, an untaught, unlettered youth, without skill or funds to build a bridge over that wide and rapid stream! Could it be real? Was he dreaming? We may suppose that his brain whirled for a time because of the magnitude of the project. But slowly, gradually, it was borne in upon his consciousness that God had told him to build a bridge. That was his instruction—build a bridge. But how? How could *he* build a bridge?

**P**IOUS soul that he was, although he prayed for guidance, he did not expect to have the whole divine plan outlined for him in advance. He believed that since it was God's will that he should span the river he would in good time receive the necessary assistance. So he pro-



ceeded with the preliminary plan of organization.

Now it seems that, because of his piety, he was favorably known to some of the priests and Brothers in the monastery at Avignon so thither he went and after a time through their intercession obtained an audience with the bishop. But the bishop, full of his own immediate cares and responsibilities, did not regard the project with favor. What did this poor shepherd know about bridge building, thought he. That was a problem for experienced architects and builders, not for an ignorant countryman. Benezet was unceremoniously dismissed.

However, he was not so easily diverted from his purpose. Undaunted, he sought the provost and in some manner, probably by his simple earnest account of his revelation and his evident willingness to throw himself heart and soul into the work, convinced him of his mission. The provost was a man of affairs, understood human nature, and had experience in getting things done. How, we do not know, but eventually the bishop was convinced of the feasibility of the undertaking and gave it his approval.

In those times the trade of the stone mason was in an advanced stage of development, and artisans of sufficient skill to lay up the walls and arches of a cathedral were numerous. It required only an inspired leader to direct their labors so as to produce a stone arch bridge instead of a cathedral. The matter of defraying the expenses of the enterprise seems to have been worked out satisfactorily. Either the personality of Benezet, or the spirit of compassion for travelers, combined with the attitude of the Church toward public-spirited enterprise directed toward the alleviation of hardship and misfortune, resulted then and there in the formation of the nucleus of the Bridge-Building Brotherhood.

THE Brotherhood seems to have had the nature of a guild, a confraternity or a third order, wearing a religious garb with a distinct badge but not bound by perpetual vows. There were three branches of the Order. Knights who contributed most of the funds and sometimes called *donati*, clergy who were probably monks, and artisans who contributed their skilled labor, their intelligence and their experience.

These were the muscle, bone and energy of the Order.

IT is traditional in Avignon that Benezet proved his mission by performing miracles. Certainly his leadership was accepted by all, and in the year 1177 the actual construction of the bridge was begun. Unfortunately, detailed accounts of the progress of the work are lacking. We must not forget that all this transpired about 250 years before the art of printing was invented. Comparatively few people could read or write and even for those who could, parchment or papyrus was an expensive kind of note book. It is not surprising that little is known about the development from day to day of the plans of this bridge.

Probably some kind of drawing was sketched showing the general lines of the structure, measurements were made, abutments and piers were staked out.

Even in those early days caissons were commonly used in the construction of bridge piers under the water, and cofferdams were also employed at a very early date. Just what the procedure in this case was, we do not know. But slowly the great stone piers, shaped to cut the rapid waters, rose above the surface and the building of the arches was commenced. Then the masons were less hampered by the elements and the work went on apace.

Benezet continued to direct the work for seven long years until the stream was spanned from the east bank to the west by five arches of cut stone so carefully wrought and fitted that for more than seven centuries four of the arches have withstood the test of time and stand today a monument to his memory and to the Bridge-Building Brotherhood.

But the the divine fire kindled in the heart of Benezet by the vision that day on the river bank burned out his vitality and in the year 1184 he died: not however until the success of his undertaking was assured. And—mark the fitting acknowledgment of his lifework—his body was buried in one of the bridge piers, walled up with masonry and became a part of the bridge. The Brotherhood continued the work and four years later in 1188 the bridge was completed.

During those four years other miracles wrought at Benezet's tomb

induced the City of Avignon to build a chapel on the bridge directly over his remains where many a weary passenger in the years that followed paused in crossing for a moment of silent prayer.

The story of how, after five centuries, a flood destroyed a part of the pier and disclosed the body of Benezet in a perfect state of preservation seems well authenticated and he was afterward canonized. But that is another story.

ENCOURAGED by their success the Bridge-Building Brotherhood was multiplied and extended all over France and Northern Italy. They built bridges at Bonpas, Lourmarin, Mallemort and Mirabeau, and some historians credit them with the construction of the bridge over the Rhone at St. Esprit, to say nothing of many small and less important bridges. They also undertook the repair and maintenance of bridges already in existence. Branches of the Order also maintained ferries in places where bridges were not built.

It appears that the Brotherhoods were recognized by Pope Clement III, and for approximately three centuries continued their activities, when gradually they became merged with other Orders and lost their identity.

Tourists who now visit Avignon consult their guide books and are directed to see the cathedral, the old papal palace and the picture gallery. If they chance to be sufficiently familiar with the native tongue to converse with the old residents who are descendants of the common folk of that region, they may still hear the tradition of St. Benezet and his Brotherhood. To such the graceful arches of the ancient ruin will have the additional charm of human interest and will typify the spirit of prayer combined with physical labor which characterized the Bridge-Building Brotherhood.

I have told you of the man who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, in order that the fruit might look larger and more tempting. In like manner I always make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my eyes away from troubles, I pack them into as small a compass as I can for myself, and never let them annoy others.—ROBERT SOUTHEY.

# For The House of Israel

## MORE WORK FOR A LAY APOSTOLATE

THE "lost sheep of the house of Israel" were the first and foremost consideration of Christ during His sojourn here on earth. It ought to be ours. Though the action of the Jews caused Our Lord to weep over Jerusalem, His mandate to the Apostles was to go to them first. And even when they caused His blood—the purest in all Israel—to flow from the Cross of Mount Calvary, the King of Israel cried out, "Father forgive them, they know not what they do."

Surely the love of our Lord for His own kinsmen, according to the flesh, ought to create an urge in Catholics to do something to bring the unconverted and misguided "lost sheep" into the Church the Messiah established to replace the Synagogue. The Jews are a growing one-thirtieth part of our American population; growing in leadership, power and ability as well as in numbers. Sad to say, that outside of the Archconfraternity of Prayers for the Conversion of Israel, to obtain for them "the full and perfect light of truth," no concerted effort, worthy of the opportunity offered to approach them with the Catholic message, has been made to reach the Semitic brethren of our Lord.

It cannot be gainsaid that if Catholics had followed the wishes of Rome in this regard we would be able to present a body of Hebrew-Christians in America who would satisfy the yearning of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for the shepherdless sheep outside His fold. The love of Christ's Vicar for the Jews was expressed not long ago to a convert from Judaism during a private audience: "I pray for the conversion of the Jews every morning in my Mass. The conversion of Russia and the conversion of the Jews are two of my greatest pre-occupations." It was not long after His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, was elevated to the exalted position he occupies that he recommended "the conversion of the Jews" as the general intention of the Apostleship of Prayer. And with the institution of the feast of Christ the King, His Holiness prescribed a prayer of "consecration of

By DAVID GOLDSTEIN

the human race to the Sacred Heart of Jesus" in which appears this supplication: "Cast a look of compassion upon the descendants of those who were once Thy Chosen People. May Thy Precious Blood which formerly they invoked upon themselves and upon their children, descend upon them now in a baptism of regeneration, life and redemption."

The conversion of the Jews has ever inspired the prayer of the Church. Among the documents of the uncompleted Vatican Council (1870) there is a proposal contain-

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### EDITOR'S NOTE

THE author of this article, Mr. David Goldstein, is a convert from Judaism. Since his conversion he has devoted his life and talents to the spread of the Faith. He is co-author with the late Martha Moore Avery of "Socialism: A Nation of Fatherless Children." He has traversed the country in an autovan preaching Catholic truth. At the present time he is the invigorating spirit of the Common Cause in Boston.

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ing the signatures of 510 Bishops—some of them American Bishops—calling for the issuance of a special invitation to the Jews to recognize Jesus as their Messiah, to sing, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed be He Who cometh in the name of the Lord!" When the Lehmann brothers—priests, converts from Judaism—presented this proposal to Pope Pius IX, he embraced them and blessed them for their pious endeavor. This proposal is expected to be acted upon when the Vatican Council re-assembles. The text begins: "The Fathers, undersigned, beg the Sacred Vatican Ecumenical Council, with humble and urgent prayer, that it would deign to send the unhappy nation of Israel a paternal invitation,

that it should express the wish that, finally, tired of having waited so long and in vain, the Israelites would hasten to recognize the Messiah, Our Lord Jesus Christ, truly promised to Abraham and announced by Moses; thus fulfilling and crowning the Mosaic religion without changing it."

The call for the laity to get into action is heard on all sides throughout the land. From the reigning pontiff, Pope Pius XI, has come the call, which is being relayed by bishops, priests and others, for the faithful to do something besides partaking of the sacramental bounty which, through the merit of Christ and His saints, Catholics are privileged to enjoy. The call is to spread the light with which God has illumined their minds and purified their hearts, to go forth and bring the uninformed and misinformed to Christ, His Church, His Mass and His Sacraments; to bring them to an understanding of Catholic principles as they apply to the everyday affairs of man. The response to the call has come and is coming gradually, but hardly any of this response seems to be directed to bringing the "lost sheep of the house of Israel" into the Kingdom of the Son of David.

THE converting of Jews to Christ is no harder than the work of winning Baptists, Methodists or Presbyterians to an understanding that they have but a diminishing remnant of the truth Christ taught, the whole of which He gave in the keeping of the Catholic Church, the Church in which Christ abides and is to abide until the consummation of the world. Jews may be approached upon a sympathetic basis, offered by no other religious group in America. Our plea to them is to search their own Scriptures, to realize—as the appeal signed by the Bishops at the Vatican Council says — that our religion is the fulfillment and the crowning of their "Mosaic religion without changing it." We may say to them as Cardinal Manning said to the Jews who visited him: "I should not be true to my own faith did I not venerate yours."

We may plead with them to look beneath the surface of their formal-

ism and consider with us the reason they have no more an Aaronic priesthood, why their Temple, their sacrifice, their nationhood is no more. We may ask them to consider with us sympathetically the claims our Church makes for Jesus Christ as the Messiah, for our priesthood as the continuation of the predicted Priest according to the order of Melchisedec, our sacrifice of the Mass as the clean oblation predicted by Malachi. We may tell them of our love for Joseph, Mary, Jesus, in whose veins flows the blood of Israel's kings. We may bring them to Mass and Vespers, show them that the Catholic Church of today is the extension in time of the religious society made up of Twelve Jews the Son of David formed into a spiritual organism which He called My Church.

Catholics—those Catholics who are responding to the call for the laity to propagate the Faith—by becoming familiar with the New Testament as it relates to the Old Testament may encourage Jews to “search the Scriptures” for in them they will find the Law and the prophecies which Christ and His Church fulfill. They may be informed, in the words of Saint Augustine, that “in the Old Testament the New lies hidden; in the New the Old is made manifest.”

The providential time to approach the Jew is, no doubt, at hand. The attitude of the Jews towards Our Lord has changed so greatly during recent years that they may be ap-

proached with Catholic truth as never before. There was a time when the mention of the name of Christ to Jews aroused in them an intense resentment. When referred to in their writings (and that was seldom) Christ was called “the man” and occasionally referred to as “the Nazarene.” But with the breakup of Judaism, doctrinally, through modernized, secularized education, a change has come about. This is evidenced in the recent publication by a Palestinian Jew, Dr. Joseph Klausner, of a volume, in the Hebrew language, in which he calls upon Jews to accept Jesus as a great religious and ethical personality. In our country, Rabbi Wise has called upon his people to claim Jesus as a “wonderful Jew,” as “the radiant Jewish teacher of Palestine.” And in a recent seminar of Protestants, Jews and Catholics at Harvard College, the Reform Rabbis declared, “we hold Jesus to be one of our great Jewish prophets.”

When the children of Abraham claim Jesus as their own, Catholics have a basis of approach they never had before. When their hatred of Jesus turns to love of Him, our work, by the grace of God, may get them to re-examine the Old Testament in the light of Christian understanding and to see therein the prophecies which were fulfilled in the Anointed One, the Expected of Nations.

Once their hearts are softened towards Christ, their eyes will no longer be held. The sons of Israel have the ability to see, they are in-

tensely intellectual, though their intellectuality has sometimes turned to works of a disintegrating character of which Spinoza, the pantheist, Marx, the Socialist, and Freud, the psychoanalyst, are examples. One has but to examine the American lists of literateurs, editors, sociologists, lawyers, financiers, story writers, physicians and publicists to realize that they have not only intellectual power but projective force that enables them to move to the front rank of whatever department of activity they decide to enter. This admirable intellectual and projective force, Christianized, would make of them the Saint Pauls of the twentieth century, for they have a propaganda spirit which is second nature to them. It is this native force which Jews possess that enables them to lead where they work and to arouse the world when they are attacked.

God has not cast away His people. God has kept His lost sheep where we may see them and go out and gather them into His New Jerusalem. The “happy and ever-to-be-longed-for age,” for which the great Cistercian monk, St. Aelred, prayed, “when Israel shall recognize his God and cast himself in wonder and amazement at the feet of his true King David” has arrived. The call has come from Rome to pray and to work for the conversion of the “lost sheep of the house of Israel.” Will Catholics in America rally to the opportunity? “Jesus, break bread to them, they are Thy kith and kin.”



## Lourdes in Silence

### A WINTER VISIT TO OUR LADY'S SHRINE

By CYRIL BARKER, C.J.P.

IT WAS the writer's privilege recently, to spend three days, Nov. 30, Dec. 1 and 2—at Lourdes. To those who have visited the hallowed shrine during the pilgrimage times of summer, as likewise to those who, as yet, have not had the privilege, it will, perhaps, be interesting to learn what Lourdes looks like when the throngs of pilgrims have gone, and Lourdes is wrapped “in its mantle of snow,” when Lourdes itself is silent, with

a “silence sweeter than speech.”

There are not many trains to Lourdes during winter, and if one chooses to travel by the day train from Paris one does not arrive at Lourdes till 11.20 P. M. It is a long journey. But who minds a long journey with Lourdes as the objective. Interest is, moreover, kept alert every kilometre of the route, as the familiar

and historic towns, each of them Catholic to the core, are passed—Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, Bordeaux, Dax, Puyoô and the final “milestone” Pau, where we meet the rolling, tumbling waters of the River Gave hurrying on its way, so that every drop of its limpid water may pay homage while passing Mary's Shrine. The Pyrénées snow-capped sentinels that watch and keep guard over Lourdes.

From Pau one hour remains of the



journey, and one begins to count the minutes. Fifty of them pass. Instinctively you then hurry to the corridor window, and peer through the darkness, for that first view of the dear Grotto. There it is, nestling close in its rock bound alcove. What a striking picture through this darkness. A thousand candles glow and glimmer at the Shrine—"Intentions" of absent friends, from all over the world. The Basilica, rising majestically from its rock foundation, gleams white from surrounding lights and above the scene keep watch the stars of heaven. Yonder is the brilliant illumined Cross on the "Pic du Gers." A solitary bus awaits our arrival, and we leave the station for the Hotel de la Chapelle et du Parc till the morrow. A bell rings out, and we waken at its sharp clear sound. It has come from the Monastery of the Poor Clares in the rue de la Grotte near by, and the hour is 5 A. M. Those notes sound the *Deus, Deus meus, ad Te de luce vigilo* (O God! my God! to Thee do I watch at break of day) for these cloistered daughters of St. Clare. For us, Holy Mass is to be later in the Chapel of the Crypt. The feast is St. Andrew the Apostle of Scotland. At Holy Mass there are present about 25 persons. One of them, an invalid, has come 6,000 miles of land and sea from California. This invalid lady tells me with the naive simplicity of a child, that she has come to visit "The Lady of Lourdes." Another present at Holy Mass is also from the United States. The server of my Mass is a pilgrim who has walked to Lourdes from Luxembourg—a 400-mile journey that has taken him two months, for he is well over 60 years of age and he was setting out again that day for the return trip.

Then to the Grotto for our visit. What a deeply impressive view as one crosses the wide open space that encloses the Grotto and the famous churches. Two hundred and fifty thousand people can gather here, but on this morning all is silent with but a few solitary figures moving hither and thither. White with a gleaming whiteness, stands out every statue, and the encircling colonnade. Late autumn roses, as though sad to leave their "Embassy," droop their heads, and scatter their petals around "La Vierge Couronnée." A new glory to the Mother of Mercy arrests our attention. It is the handsome War Memorial Shrine of the Inter-Allied Armies.

HIGH aloft, lost in the azure sky, rises the pinnacle of the Basilica Church. In the silence of this vast arena one seems to hear lingering echoes of the countless *Ave! Ave! Ave Maria's* which during the evening processions have ascended to Heaven in this place from millions of voices. Now past the piscines—the holy bathing wells—which today are hushed and quiet. But the echoes of impassioned fervent voices linger here also. Now at the Grotto and deeper silence. An awe-inspired feeling overcomes one, and compels one to kneel. The flaming candelabra casts playful shadows upon the eloquent surgical witnesses of the "Miracles at Lourdes." Those pathetic surgical appliances which repose at the Grotto. A silent white-haired man, his lips murmuring prayers, replenishes the candles. A few devout pilgrims are passing beneath, the overhead statue of Our Lady, and, kissing the rock, now like polished marble from the countless lips that have impressed their love-burthened kisses there. We pray, as only prayers can be said at Lourdes. Everybody we know comes to mind, and their names flash through the memory and are commended to Mary. It seems as though the Church militant and suffering, is whispering "Speak for us one word."

SUDDENLY from the bell tower rings out a rich toned bell. It is the midday Angelus at Lourdes. Then all around more bells, bells! bells! bells! and their ringing music in this stillness is a symphony of praise. We say the "Angelus" with a faith that here at the Grotto is vision in the mystery of the Incarnation.

The afternoon is spent shopping, for how dear to one's friends is that "Souvenir from Lourdes." A return is made to the Grotto at 6 P. M. Would that all the world could have seen what happened now. It is Nov.

30, and nine days hence will be the joyous feast of the Immaculate Conception. The bulletin announces "December 8, The Children of Mary of Lourdes make the novena." In twos and threes, as they are released from their work in the town, these girl compatriots of Blessed Bernadette come to the Grotto. Charming modest in demeanor they kneel all around, some not even choosing the kneeling rests that are there, but kneeling on the hallowed ground; rosary in hand, motionless, they offer their spiritual bouquet to The Lady of Lourdes. Dear, gracious Lady, how you must love, and how you will obtain blessings for these faithful children of yours, as they give this example to your children throughout the world. As they leave your presence for the night, each one of them kisses the rock above which—"twas but yesterday"—you graciously deigned to appear, and to speak to their Bernadette Soubirous. They also obey your command to drink of the health-giving waters, whereof you commanded that pilgrims should drink.

And now, the last impression of Lourdes and silence. It is 9.30 P. M. at the Grotto. The night is clear and bright and cold. Moon and stars shine and glitter in the sky. "The Heavens are telling the Glory of God."

Not a soul here at the Grotto but myself; not a sound breaks the stillness. Alone beneath the canopy of heaven with The Lady of Lourdes, for she lives here in this silence. What a grace, what a privilege to be here in this silence. The memory of it all is too touching for our heart, and tears of love fill our eyes.

O Mother, I could weep for mirth,

Joy fills my heart so fast;

My soul today is heaven on earth,

O would the transport last.

I think of thee, and what thou art,

Thy majesty, thy state;

And I keep singing in my heart,

Immaculate! Immaculate!

## The Guilty One

By HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.

WHO plaited the crown of thorns for His brow?  
Some Roman soldier, nameless now.  
Who hewed the Cross from the grim pine-tree?  
Some Jew, a carpenter as was He.  
Who forged the nails He was fastened with?  
He knew no better, poor nameless smith.  
Nameless all, for the sin and the shame  
Were done by the one that bears my name!

# The Faith of St. Francis

IN A MINING TOWN OF NEW MEXICO

By CONSTANCE EDGERTON

**A** SPARSELY settled mountain region over the New Mexico state line; on each side of the trail, mountain laurel waist high; a by-trail leading into a canyon where splashed a little stream, the Commarron, under whose waters the stones showed like rare marbles—red, gray, tawny; a faraway mountain peak, the lower slopes dark with forests, the higher slopes tinted with lavender, reached far into the shimmer of the sky.

After an hour's ride over a winding trail of deep gulches and arroyos we reached the crest of the mesa. Below us, in the canyon, was a town. After a tortuously careful winding descent we found ourselves driving slowly between a row of deserted houses. Sand had drifted up to some of the window sills. Dance halls, saloons, sheriff's office, stores and dwellings were empty.

"Welcome to Valley," greeted a man who stepped from a barn-like shack over which was printed U. S. POST OFFICE. "You are the second party of tourists who came this year."

This was believable. Valley was a mining town, fifty years back, a mining town that boomed, hence the saloons that flanked two blocks of the main street, and in the old days was called, Hell's Hole. And here in Valley, because rent was free, and wood was plentiful in the canyons, lived fifty Mexican families, each with a strip of garden, a few hens, an occasional goat. Some few possessed a burro, Mexican beast of burden.

The postmaster, learning that my father was an archaeologist, conducted us to a house, rent free, as long as we desired.

It was unlike any house we had ever seen, blue adobe. At one end a staircase led up to the gallery on which opened the bunk rooms. A stove, dishes, all the furniture necessary for housekeeping were here, left behind in the mad rush to get away when the mine petered out. Here in this house that was our temporary home, there had been dancing, drinking, singing, shaking dice with fate and men. In the center of Hell's Hole it stood, dark, sinister, menacing.

The postmaster kept a little general store. Most of his supplies he "toted" from Emery Gap, the nearest railroad town, forty-four miles distant.

Our days were spent digging. Sometimes we were in knee high brush, with the glaring southwest sun beating relentlessly down upon us. Sometimes Father dug when it was cooler, and many a night we worked when the desert was gorgeously beautiful under the stars.

There was in Valley a little northern girl, young, fair, and lovely, with features of delicate passive beauty. She was a catechist, and in addition to teaching "the true faith of St. Francis" to the spiritually starving Mexicans, she was a welfare worker and friend.

"At Chaperito," she told us, "below Las Vegas, there are three catechists, sent down from Victory Noll Training School at Huntington, Indiana. The Church finances them."

We asked what church.

"The Catholic Church. All Spanish peoples are Catholic. The brown robed monks of St. Francis converted them back in the early centuries," she answered. "In 1630 the Church of San Miguel, in Sante Fe, was built. It is in a state of perfect preservation today. Ten miles below Tucson, in the valley of the Santa Cruz, is the mission of San Xavier, equally as old. On its front, in solid masonry is the coat of arms of the Franciscan monks. They brought the faith to the southwest."

"How do you account for the Baptist and the Methodist workers? If these people are all Catholic, and thousands have never been instructed, is it not better that they find Christ through another Church?" my father asked.

The angelus bell pealed forth to the farthest reaches of the crimson sands, and Catechist Mahoney bowed her head devotedly while she repeated aloud a beautiful prayer to the Virgin Mother. When she had finished she spoke dreamily: "At the end of the

street lives the family of John How-Kow, the Christian Indian, married to Juanita, daughter of a Spanish father and an Indian mother. Juanita, as a girl, attended the convent school in Walsenberg. Despite her wealth of Christian training, she reverted to the gods of her mother as she lay dying. See the Indians about her door? They are keeping watch over her remains, guarding it from the evil spirits who would pursue it to the happier land. To throw these evil ones off her track it is necessary to chase a hawk, a hen and a pheasant about her house, thus confusing the evil spirits in picking up Juanita's trail. It is three days travel, without stops, to the happier land, so for three days the Indians keep up this strange ceremony, in loyalty to a loved one."

And so it is through the rose tinted dawns and the amethystine dusks—pagan gods on the one side and Christ on the other. "But why a Catholic Christ? Why not divide and invite a non-Catholic worker to spread the doctrine of her Christ?" my father asked Catechist Ruth Mahoney.

"Because they are really ours," she said softly. Her eyes, like wood violets after a rain, were on the faraway mountains, where the sun caught the gleam of a cross and reflected it far down the valley. "All through the glorious history of this state you read of the Franciscans, who brought the Faith. Pueblo of Acoma, inaccessible "city of the sky", was christianized by Padre Ramirez before Raleigh colonized Virginia. It took forty years to build the church at Acoma. Its wall are ten feet thick. The Spaniards belong to the true faith of St. Francis."

**W**E WERE six weeks in Valley. Our next stop was Bell. My father was disappointed. At Valley his findings were not worth recording, but at Bell it would be different, he knew, for there was a cemetery four thousand years old there, and Father was anxious.

Our trail was broad and of easy ascent. It led to the upper ranges where the pine trees showed dark against the sky. We camped two

nights, and on the morning of the third day as the song of the wild canaries greeted the first streaks of the red dawn, we were riding on the Johnson Mesa—beauty spot of northern New Mexico. Here were pastures where the lush grass was ankle deep, and cattle ranged by the thousands. We passed the bunks of the riders, and then for ten miles saw nothing but herds feeding in peace, and the faraway lilac mountains.

Toward noon we sighted Bell, which was one house by the side of the road, boasting a hitching rack, and a sign swung to the breeze that proclaimed this was a U. S. POST OFFICE. It was presided over by John English and his wife, Samantha, and was the only road house for fifty miles each way on the Gulf Trail. John and Samantha made us welcome, and for three months this was our home.

No trees grew atop the mesa. It was above the timber line. The arroyos and draws were heavily wooded with stunted oak, juniper, cottonwood and pine. The high wind on the mesa top shriveled the trees, eventually killing them. The mesa ranchers were wealthy.

Father was doomed to disappointment. There was no digging, even for the sake of science at Bell. But three miles to the southward was the Kilmurray ranch, filled with mounds, miniature cemeteries, relics and water-

sheds. Adjoining the Kilmurray ranch was the Simons ranch of fifteen thousand acres.

The Simons ranch ended in a "draw" or gulch, beyond which was the semi-desert government lands, and here, in a wide parting of the rocks was a natural sheltered "cup" in which were some forty small houses occupied by Mexicans, who drew their meagre living from the bits of land they cultivated, and from herding for an eastern sheep company. Mostly the grown girls had left the village to work as domestics in Las Vegas or Raton.

Here in the sheltered village as Father and I stumbled around one day, we met a demure catechist on the rocky, sun crusted trail. She was coming from a sick bed. Her smile was contagious. Her uniform marked her for a social worker. Her earnestness impressed us. She was seriously young, and deeply worried over the people, with whom she had worked six months. To-day, as she went to the bedside of Senora Teresa Maria Gonzales, the Senora had asked for a priest! And the catechist was from the Baptist Mission Training School.

"They were absolutely Godless when I came," mourned the girl. "I worked, prayed, witnessed results. And now, dying, she wishes to die a Catholic, yet she tells me she never lived where there was a priest; never

attended a Catholic church yet declares she is Catholic. I said I would read over her. No! No! *Por amo de Dios!* (for the love of God) No! I was a heretic. The sons of St. Francis brought the faith into New Spain, she told us, and all outside that Faith were heretics!"

"Are there two Christs, one Catholic, and one something else?" I asked.

"No. There is one Christ, a Protestant Christ. The school I trained in taught us so," said Catechist Ruthanna Morgan.

Far down the valley, miles away, on a slight elevation, I caught the gleam of a steel cross on a convent chapel. I asked: "What institution is that?"

"That is the mission of San Pedro, founded in 1691 by the Franciscan Friars. It took twenty years to build it. At the point of a gun the padres kept the Indians at work," she answered glibly.

I began to see that she too knew the history of the glorious State of New Mexico! Evidently Catechist Dorothy Mahoney had perused a different author. And I, being the child of a Swedish Baptist father, and an Irish-American Catholic mother, reared in my mother's faith—which is the true faith of St. Francis—and absorbing much of my father's, was silent.

## The Birth of Social Science

### THE HUMANITARIANISM OF THE CHURCH

By CLARENCE F. BURKHARDT

**P**UBLIC charity was not included among the administrative functions of ancient nations, being unknown until the advent of Christianity. When the Catholic Church came into being, it did not remain content to teach the precepts of its Founder, but took active measures to exemplify them by destroying the unwholesome fruits of barbarous customs.

Foundlings, which up to that time had been given over to the tender mercies of dogs, were made the objects of special care through regulations adopted by the Council of Vaison in the fifth century. This terrible practice, an inheritance from paganism, was severely dealt with by

succeeding councils. But the Church did far more than to merely prohibit this practice; she provided places of refuge for these helpless creatures, as well as for other unfortunates, and for the purpose, she began the formation of institutions designed to care for the aged, the sick, orphans, foundlings and all others in any way incapable of helping themselves.

From the very first, the Church considered it one of her peculiar duties to provide for the unfortunate, and because of this, her bishops have always been looked upon as best adapted to supervise her beneficent

establishments, and for this reason, canon laws were enacted which placed hospitals under their charge. Charitable institutions in this way came to occupy a prominent place in her legislation.

Thus, already in the fifth century, we see the Council of Chalcedon place under the authority of the bishop, the establishments founded to support and provide for orphans, the aged, and the infirm, "according to the traditions of the Holy Fathers," indicating unmistakably that this kind of work was of ancient origin.

These institutions suffered severe losses at the invasion of the barbarians, a situation which in a way seemed to foreshadow other disas-



trous disturbances in the sixteenth century, when similar troubles were encountered. The Church did everything she could to protect these institutions, council after council dealing with the matter. Those interfering with these refugees were very properly termed, "murderers of the poor."

**M**ETHODS in vogue at the present closely follow those of the first centuries. Parishes in those days were ordered to maintain lists of those in adverse circumstances. The Council of Tours held in the sixth century directed each town to look after its poor, and in the country, priests as well as the faithful were continually reminded of their duty to make it unnecessary for beggars to wander from place to place in search of help. The Council of Orleans held about the same time made special provisions for the care of lepers, and directed that church funds be set aside for them. Shortly after, the Council of Lyons followed suit, and in the much maligned ninth century, the Council of Rheims took stringent steps to forestall any possible abuses in the administration of charity.

Prison reform is by no means a twentieth century institution. Already in the sixth century, we find there existed inspectors whose duty it was to visit the inmates every Sunday and to ascertain their needs with a view of supplying them. This activity was prescribed by the Council of Orleans.

It is possible to go on indefinitely enumerating the various measures taken to foster these different humanitarian enterprises, but they would only tire the reader. Sufficient it is to aver that the spirit of Catholicity and that liberated in the sixteenth century are just about as similar as day and night, as winter and summer, or as black and white. The Council of Aix la Chapelle promulgated an order that bishops found hospitals to take care of all the poor that the diocesan funds would permit, and along the lines traditionally followed.

The attention the Church has always bestowed upon its afflicted ones can alone be regarded as one of the fruits by which she may be judged, and there is no way of estimating how much further this work would have been advanced by now had not the Reformation come along to disturb this development.

It has been claimed by those well

informed in the matter, that had the unity that had existed up to that melancholy era remained unbroken, the present day cancer of pauperism would either be unknown, or negligible.

The hatred and fratricide engendered however by this trouble, naturally put an end to all this beneficence, and the work of a thousand years in some cases was neutralized, and in others, destroyed.

Not only in those countries where the new sects obtained a foothold, but in the rest, a new spirit brought about by the same cause, handicapped the Church in all its activities, spiritual and temporal.

Charitable work of this nature carried on today by the Church, and also by the civil powers, has come to be taken for granted, and without any thought as to its origin. The herculean task of making a beginning in the face of tremendous odds has in the course of time become dimmed. A glance however at the conditions existing previous to the inauguration of this welfare work will convince anyone of the value and importance of the Church's contribution to true civilization. She felt, and rightly so, that the fruits of Christian charity could better be harvested through permanent institutions than through the uncertain benevolence of the individual, and history has of course vindicated her judgment.

Balmes alluding to this matter says, "As the principle of authority in matters of faith preserves to her, unity and constancy therein, so the rule of entrusting everything to the institutions secures the solidity and duration of all of her works." He regarded man as being unable of himself to "attain to and preserve the knowledge of certain truths," and that being "so feeble and capricious, it was unwise to leave to his weakness and inconstancy the care of doing good." The Church in her divine wisdom tells man that he is "subject to error, inclined to evil, inconstant in his designs, and very miserable in his resources." This dictum, though unpalatable to many, as is also the dogma of the fall of man through our first parents, is confirmed by the philosophy of history.

One of the sixteenth century errors that reeked of the bottomless pit was that regular organized beneficence encouraged laziness. Those propagating this grossly uncharitable principle brazenly closed their eyes to the fact

that much adversity is entirely due to circumstances beyond the control of the sufferer, congenital weakness, accidents, crop failures, and economic disturbances being just a few examples. The maxim that "God helps those who help themselves" is capable of serious misinterpretation. Too infrequently today does the prosperous business man admit that good fortune played any part whatever in his success. To listen to him, one would gather that his industry alone is to receive credit. As a general rule, such a viewpoint is bound to be associated with the erroneous belief that the poor have no one but themselves to blame. When these new opinions gained ground, pseudo-economic science was pressed into service to "encourage commerce and industry," things of greater importance than human sympathy!

After having wrought untold evil upon a world already full enough of trouble, this new principle has by now been discredited. The sociological attitude of the Church in such matters as these is always vindicated in the end.

**T**HESE sophistries were not sufficiently general to do the damage they might have done, and with many others, are now enjoying a well deserved oblivion. Even in those countries where the god business is most worshipped, the delusion was finally conceded, it being eventually admitted that encouraging industry at the expense of people dying of hunger was exceedingly bad policy, and so far did the reaction from this aberration travel, that in the end, not only was a resumption of these activities permitted, and encouraged, but the state itself began to make provisions to relieve suffering humanity. It is to Catholicity however, that credit for the principle belongs. To found and maintain such establishments after similar ones have been in successful operation for centuries does not merit the praise that is naturally due to the pioneer in the work. Furthermore, placing the administration of these institutions in the hands of those for whom the work is little more than just another means of livelihood, renders them deficient in their most important point, the human touch. One of the Church's most efficient agents in the prosecution of the arduous work of relieving human suffering is its religious orders. For the performance of the greatest works

of real charity, a complete absence of worldliness and selfishness is necessary, and any observant and unbiased person will concede that nowhere else is this spirit so much in evidence as among the noble men

and women composing these organizations.

Of the charity dispensed today by civil officials, a competent authority observes that "when Christian charity is wanting, a good administration will

no doubt enforce punctuality and exactitude—all that can be demanded of men who receive a salary for their services, but one thing will be wanting, which nothing can replace, and money cannot buy, viz: love."



## Cross or Crucified?

IRRATIONAL MANIA VS. SUBLIME PASSION

By CHARLES F. FERGUSON

ONE is surprised sometimes by coming across a type of picture which seems intended purposely to horrify or disgust. The artist has displayed a savage desire to portray the ugliest side of life. In revolt against sentimentalism he has chosen as his subject some dilapidated slum quarter, a pugilistic encounter or a criminal face. His method of treatment instead of showing sympathy is calculated to bring out whatever is most revolting. He dignifies this form of art by calling it Realism.

The same kind of thing is observable in literature and the drama. Here we have novels and plays that can be described only by the word disgusting. I am not referring to those which pander to base desires and thus win popularity among that section of the public which only asks that its lusts be stimulated. The fault with this type of production is not that it is sensual but that it manifests an unhealthy interest in the gruesome and ugly. It is ascetic in a wholly unchristian sense. There is in it a sort of hatred of beauty. Beastliness seems loved for its own sake.

This curious trait is discovered in life as well as in art and literature. There is observable in human nature occasionally what may be called a passion for unhappiness. One of Edgar Allan Poe's characters is made to say: "My visions were of shipwreck and famine; of death or captivity among barbarian hordes; of a life-time dragged out in sorrow and tears upon some grey and desolate rock, in an ocean unapproachable and unknown." Most of us at one time or another have known something of this feeling. It is that which is described in the proverb about "cutting off the nose to spite the face." Our wrath has turned in spiteful fashion against ourselves. We have denied ourselves

lawful pleasures, punished ourselves with unnecessary hardships not from any holy motive but because we were in a bad temper and chose to visit our anger on ourselves. We sulked, adopted a martyr air and nursed our injuries with jealous care.

Sometimes this freak is carried to extremes. A man disappointed in love will seclude himself as a hermit for the rest of his life. Or you may hear of some individual found dead through starvation in an unswept garret amid every sign of penury, and then learn that he had a large balance at the bank and could have lived, had he chosen, in affluence. In suicide this craving for self-destruction reaches its climax.

It is a mistake to say, as many do, that Christianity introduced this gloomy note. The contrast instituted between the followers of Christ lacerating themselves with ascetic exercises and a joy-loving paganism is altogether false. That desire for pain was in the world long before Christianity. The Stoics revealed it in one form. Read Epictetus or Marcus Aurelius and you will see how well the ancient world understood the mania for suffering. It shows itself in every heathen religion. The Druids of Britain cut themselves with knives. Indian fakirs today may be seen with emaciated bodies and twisted limbs—the result of self-imposed penances.

Wherever we go it is the same. One would say that there was some deep instinct in humanity which made it bear a grudge against itself. Heathendom presents us with a long story of self-inflicted suffering the cruelty of which almost passes belief. Savages, so far from being the care-free creatures imagined, are oppressed by superstitions of their own

creation far exceeding in gloom anything attributed to Christian ascetics. The idea that Christianity cast a shadow over a world that, until its advent, had been free from this morbid characteristic is entirely false.

Equally untrue is it to contrast a mournful Catholicism reeking with the blood of relentless penitents with a cheerful Protestantism. One has only to turn to the Puritan records of New England to refute that calumny. In Puritanism this joy-killing tendency became a devastating passion. It blotted out the sunshine. It hushed the laughter of children. It turned gracious women into scolds and honest men into prigs. It laid its ban on art, frowned on conviviality, treated love-making as a crime, legislated against the festivities of Christmas. As one reads the story of that strange episode in the history of religion the thought arises that these men and women were possessed by a species of madness, with such relentless hatred did they make war on innocent joy. The cross, it cannot be denied, occupied a prominent place in this ugly cult.

BUT it is one thing to embrace the cross and it is another and an entirely different thing to embrace the Crucified. There are such things as unhallowed crosses. There are crosses on which Christ never hung—bare gaunt figures rearing themselves like grim gallows against the horizons of man's hopes, forbidding sentries keeping watch over the Kingdom of Joy lest any mortal stray therein. Pain for the sake of pain, the cross as an end in itself was never the teaching of Catholic Christianity. That Christianity looks toward a Crucifix, not an empty cross. When it uses this latter it is but as a symbol of that infinitely deeper rich thing, the Cross on which the Savior

hung. It is not the cross but the Crucified that Catholic ascetics have loved.

THEY have hated themselves, but they have done so only because Self stood in the way of their approach to Him. St. Francis of Assisi submitting himself to the stigmata, Juliana of Norwich asking that she might endure all the torture of Christ's Passion, Catherine Emmerich identifying herself so closely with her Lord that her frail body was racked with the agony of crucifixion—these were not morbid lovers of pain but glorious lovers of Christ. The desire to fling themselves into the furnace of His sufferings so that all the dross in their natures might be burnt up was the action of heroic martyrs of love. Catholic asceticism is positive rather than negative, re-creative rather than destructive. It glows with devotion to its Lord rather than with the ferocity of suicidal mania.

One of the results of this is that it radiates joy. St. Francis could speak of the Lady Poverty as a bride. The Blessed Thomas More jested on the scaffold. A holy gaiety characterizes many of those saints at whose austerities our unhappy generation professes to be shocked. Companionship with Christ in His Passion made them companions in His Resurrection. And they are so happy at being allowed to suffer anything for His sake!

Another consequence is that instead of being rendered morose by their penances they abound in cheerful affection for their fellows, and are in cordial sympathy with all wholesome enjoyments even though they may feel themselves forbidden to share them. The Puritan is not only a gloomy individual himself; he wants to make the world gloomy. But the Saints have made the world a brighter as well as a better place to live in.

These are some of the differences between those who merely love the cross and those who love the Crucified, but the contrast might be extended endlessly. The difference is vital, profound. It marks the distance between an irrational mania and a sublime passion.

THOUGH this trait of human nature considered in and by itself is degrading, it needs only to be applied to its proper Object to become the motive power of heroic value. If all the asceticism practiced in the world today were brought into the service of Christ what an increase of saintliness we should witness! Thus to enlist it in His service is one of the purposes of the Church. The mission of the Crucified is not only to redeem our sensualism from sensuality; He aims no less at redeeming our love of the cross from an idolatrous love of pain and transforming it into a love of Himself.

## "If I Was God"

A HOBO MAKES A MEDITATION

By JAMES B. YELANTS

JIM was dead. Even now, striding along the railroad track as he had so often done with Jim by his side, it was difficult to believe. For two years they had beaten their way together north and south, east and west. Jim was the more experienced hobo. There wasn't a trick for dodging inquisitive brakemen he wasn't acquainted with. If you wanted to know whether a certain town was safe Jim could tell you. He had all the freight yards sized up and the possibilities each possessed for securing a ride on the rods. You never had any trouble about doss-houses if you traveled with him, and where no such place was available he'd astonish you by the ingenuity with which, under the most discouraging circumstances, he'd manage to hit the hay and sleep warm and comfortable.

All this information he shared with his younger and less experienced companion. But Olaf was the better beggar. No woman seemed able to resist those misty blue eyes of his. And

he had a thin, shivery sort of look that went to your heart if you were that way inclined. Folk just had to give him a hand-out; it seemed brutal to say "no" to a man so obviously hungry as he always appeared to be. And whatever luck Olaf had Jim went partners. So they were quits—the one imparting his knowledge of the road, the other going halves with the grub. That was how it was they came to stick together.

Now Jim was dead. The young man strode on with head bent to the track, wondering how he would get on without him. Olaf had none of the *savoir faire*, as they call it, which helps a man to make his way in the world. Under happier circumstances he might have written poems or stories, but he was no go-getter. Dragged up in a Chicago slum on the minimum of physical and mental food, he had little chance. From the first he had just drifted, in his dreamy

fashion, from one place to another, suffering incredible buffetings from fate till chance threw Jim in his way. The two had chummed up immediately. From that time life had been easier, sunnier. He had had someone to show him the ropes, someone who could take his part when needs were; above all, someone to whom he could talk, retailing all those strange fancies that somehow came into his head—fancies that no one else would ever listen to. What the *Globe* audiences were to Shakespeare and the whole English-reading public to Dickens, Jim was to Olaf.

"'Spouse I had a million bucks left me," the Dreamer would say to his companion as they lay on their backs in the sun.

"'Spouse," Jim would respond, not at all reluctant to unleash that eager imagination.

"We'd hev a fine time," Olaf would go on. "Chicken an' ham every day. Ride Pullman we would, too. See gars as many as we wanted. Yah, that's the ticket, bo'."

It was noteworthy that in these ex-



cursions into the realms of romance Jim was always his fellow-traveler. He had no visions of the future in which that hulking tramp did not figure.

**A**ND now he would have to travel alone.

He hadn't seen it coming—that sudden interruption to their partnership. It's true the elder man had coughed a good deal and sometimes spat blood. But things like that didn't count for much on the road. But in the Buffalo doss-house where they had slept a few nights ago Jim had confessed to feeling queer, "all done-in," as he put it. He had frightened his chum by the way he talked, "jest as if he was dyin'," Olaf remarked to himself.

"Say bo," the sick man had said after a fit of coughing that made him sit up in bed gasping for breath, "you kin hev what I've got"—more spasms—"in my sack."

"You sure are gen'rous," he had replied, not realizing the other's seriousness.

In a hoarse voice Jim had renewed the offer.

"Ain't goin' to hand in yer checks, are you?" his bedfellow had asked.

Jim had been about to reply when another violent attack, tearing at his lungs, made speech impossible. When it was over he lay back on the pillow silent and breathing in an odd sort of way. Olaf was frightened and struck a match. What he saw made him jump out of bed quickly. As he did so he fell and a grumbling voice from another part of the room asked, "Cairn't yer quit yer row an' let a feller sleep?"

Even then the callousness of that voice had struck a chill to the lad's very soul. In all his memory of the sordid scene, that seemed the cruellest feature. Hurriedly he had stumbled to the door and called for help, but by the time it arrived the hemorrhage had done its work. . . . Jim was dead.

Without any very clear idea of where he was going, the solitary hobo, recalling these things, plodded on. His chief idea was to get as far as possible from Buffalo. He jumped a freight which had carried him far away from the city. When he was put off he found himself in the open country. He was glad to be walking after being cramped up; besides, he wanted to think and he couldn't do that on the brake-beam. He was

glad, too, that it was evening. Soon it would be night and all the world be shut out of sight. That suited his mood. He troubled about neither sleep nor food; they could wait. All he wanted to do was to think, to think hard, harder than he had ever thought before, and darkness and solitude favored that purpose.

Jim was dead.

As he walked on, mile after mile, with the gunny sack containing his own and Jim's belongings slung over his shoulder, the fact tolled in his mind like the rhythm of a sullen-sounding, funeral bell.

It was the first time he had come face to face with death. Even so it might have made little impression but, in spite of the battering it had received in a world hostile to tramps, his soul was still sensitive to mystery. The experience had made him years older. You might have thought that he had little to learn concerning the darker side of things. As a matter of fact he had gone through life hitherto, as simple natures often do, untouched by the miserable squalor amid which so many of his days had been spent. Like a child, he had seen evil and not perceived it. But that night the Buffalo doss-house with its callous inmates had once for all destroyed the innocence of childhood.

The blood which he had seen on Jim's shirt seemed to stain the whole world. Something had sullied the purity and beauty of things. That it should have been Jim who had been the victim in this sordid tragedy—the man by whose side he had tramped, who had taken his inexperienced self under his wing, so to speak—this made it a thousand times worse. For the hundredth time his thoughts turned to his own unprotected future. With a dismay never known before, he surveyed the prospect of spending the rest of his days as a piece of human flotsam drifting to and fro on the foul currents of life, to end at last perhaps in some such manner as his partner had done. What did it all mean, he asked.

Never before had he put that question. That he should ask it now was indication of the roughness with which his mind had been jolted out of its customary acceptance of fate. But the only answer he received was the monotonous wailing of the wind in the telegraph wires. Conquering heroes may march to the strains of martial music; Wealth and Fashion dance to tunes that drown

the bitter cries of Want. But the hobo must be content with this snatch from "the Beggars' Opera" played on that gigantic telegraphic harp stretching from ocean to ocean. And in all the world there is no more desolate sound.

What did it all mean, he asked again.

By now it was dark. The sky was crowded with stars. Some seemed to form themselves into a sort of geometrical pattern but the rest were just flung about with reckless profusion. Here were little clusters, there a stellar diamond blazed magnificently. Ol' stood still and gazed above him, swallowed up in the overpowering grandeur of the night.

"I reckon He's proud of making them," he remarked to himself. He did not know whom he meant by "He." His religious knowledge, to say the least, was defective but that did not prevent his soul being overawed by the spectacle of the sky.

"Yes," he repeated, "I reckon He's proud of that bit o' work. I should be—if I was God."

The voice of the wind in the wires shrilled derisively but he did not hear it. His thoughts were otherwise engaged.

"Gee, what a time I'd hev," he went on, talking to himself, "playing with the stars, rolling the ole moon around, lighting sunset bonfires. I'd build palaces out of them clouds you see all dazzling white, an' I'd hev the loveliest music you ever heerd playin' all the time, with little birds jining in now an' again."

**H**E stumbled along the track with quickened pace. His imagination was working feverishly and his body tried to keep up with it. Whether it was that he had not broken his fast for some while or that the night air was fresh, his mind felt lighter, finding it easier to soar, than he had ever known it before. Perhaps the shock he had received had struck some spark of genius in his soul.

"If I was God," ran the dream he was fashioning, "I'd build a throne like one of those sunrises when the spokes of light shoot out halfway across the sky. And I'd sit on that throne and send out messengers with wings like the eagles I've seen out West to bring me all the loveliest things there was in the world, and I'd say to Jim—Oh yes, Jim'd be right along with me—'Take what

you want. You're welcome. Thar's plenty more where these came from.' Wal, I reckon we'd enjoy ourselves some. We'd hev our pick of everything in New Yark and Chicago and over in Yurrupe."

Perhaps it was the very brightness of this vision which suggested its opposite, for suddenly there flashed into his mind a picture of the Buffalo doss-house and he heard again the voice of the man complaining, in the presence of death, that his slumbers were disturbed.

"Hell! Yes, that's what I'd give 'em, fellers like that. An' thars lots more'd hev a taste of Hell—if I was God. I'd make 'em smart some, the crooks an' bums I've known. Gee, wouldn't I get it in on some of those brakemen and the women that's turned me away from their doors. 'Please, Mr. God,' they'd holler. 'You be d——,' I'd say. And they would be."

Into what further channels his fancy ran I cannot say, but after awhile his imagination flagged and, coming to a bit of a shack by the side of the line used by the section men, he went in, lit a candle he found there and started a fire. When he'd boiled himself some coffee and eaten a chunk of bread, he had on him, he began to turn out the gunny sack. Not till then had he had a proper opportunity of examining the articles Jim had left him. They weren't of much account to all appearances. Three pairs of dirty socks that needed darning, some underclothes, a dime novel, a clasp knife and a book tied up in an old rag comprised the lot. The parcel containing what felt like a book excited his curiosity. It was something Jim had never shown him, which, seeing how intimate they had been, was strange. Curiosity became surprise when, in addition to a small leather-bound volume, there fell from the packet what at first he took to be a necklace. Bending over it in the light of the fire, he saw that it was made up of simple glass beads and that there dangled from it an unfamiliar looking object, seemingly the outstretched figure of a Man. After examining this with some care he turned to the tiny volume.

"Marie Doyle. Given to her on the occasion of her First Communion by her father. Easter, 1869," ran the inscription in faded ink on the fly-leaf. Doyle was Jim's surname and this, Ol' surmised, was his mother. He turned it over and over. Some

sort of religious book, he concluded. What they read out of in church. He'd never been to church himself but he'd heard tell they prayed out of books. Further examination revealed a picture of the Man represented by the object hanging from the "necklace." Painfully he began to spell out some of the sentences:

"I believe in God the Father Almighty," he read, "Creator of Heaven and Earth. And in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord, conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead and buried."

**W**HAT did it mean? He turned other pages, reading now some brief prayer, now a few devotional directions. Gradually his mind began to piece things together. A short homily setting forth the chief facts of our Redemption enlightened him a good deal. Fragments of addresses he had overheard from open-air speakers recurred to his memory.

"Cur'us," he muttered. "He was God. He could hev sat on His Throne for everlastin' enjoyin' Himself same as I'd hev done and damn-

ing everyone as didn't do what He wanted. 'Stead of that, what does He do but disguise Himself as a Man. Poor, too, trampin' the roads like me. Turned away from doors. Then He goes and gets Himself killed. Jest because He wanted to help folk. Behavin' as though He was one of us. My! it must hev taken a power of love to give up all He'd got a right to. Seems to hev made a p'int of making friends with guys like me. The more down-an'-out a feller was the more He tried to help Him. An' even when they killed Him He didn't hev no hard words—'Father forgive them' or somethin' like that."

For a long time he sat thinking till, the fire showing signs of going out, he rose, went to the door of the shack and looked out. The wind was still humming in the wires and the stars still shining in the heavens. His eyes roved slowly over the vast dome above him with its myriad points of light, and once more his mind filled with the mystery of Him Who made them all and yet, for our sakes, became the Babe of Bethlehem.

"If I was God," he said, turning to go in, "I'd like to do as He did."

## Saint Brigid

By PIERCE OGE  
(Feast, February 1)

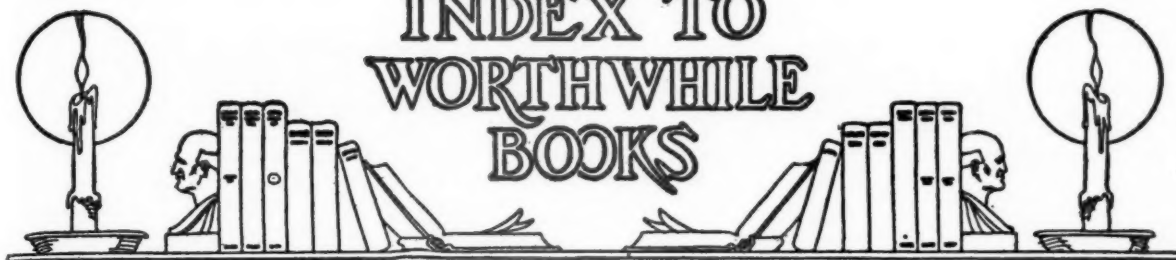
**I**N VALES of Faughart druids sing  
Enchantment for Brocessa's child,  
And chief and slave make offering  
Unto the little undefiled . . .  
*Now Angels watch beside thy bed—  
God needs thee for His high design—  
Thou art with beauty garlanded  
And richly blest of the Divine!*

**I**N DUBHTACH's house a woman frets  
Because one maiden is so fair.  
And evil weaves its hidden nets  
About the feet of virtue there. . .  
*Yet guarded of thy secret Lord,  
Dream thy white dreams in girlhood's way:  
Thou shalt have manifold reward  
When Macaille kneels with thee to pray.*

**R**OLL glittering chariots o'er Drúim Criaidh,  
E'en royal lovers come to woo:  
She heeds them not—her sanctity  
Visions One, kingliest and most true. . . .  
*O gladly thou goest to thy Spouse  
Within the temple dedicate  
To Him beneath the oaken boughs\*  
Where choirs of virgins sing elate!*

\*Kildare—Cill Dara, the Church of the Oak, which St. Brigid builded there.

# INDEX TO WORTHWHILE BOOKS



[ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE MAY BE PROCURED THROUGH "THE SIGN." ADD 10% OF COST TO PAY POSTAGE.]

**THE MIND OF THE MISSAL.** By C. C. Martindale, S.J., New York. The Macmillan Co. Price: \$2.50.

A great many Catholics wonder what sacred and holy prayers the Mass Book must contain, since the priest is continually reading from it during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Yet to them it is a closed book, locked and sealed, a book of mystery, too holy, perhaps, for their eyes. And so they content themselves with staying outside of the altar rail in spirit as well as in body, and piously strive to spend well the time of Mass. They know, at least most do, that the Mass is their offering as well as that of the priest, but it is to be feared that the realization of this is at times woefully dim.

Now the treasures of wisdom and knowledge that flow from the Missal are the priceless heritage of every Catholic. Therein is contained and epitomized the faith of the Church. It is her mind, and the mind of the Church is no other than the Mind of Christ. Father Martindale undertakes to initiate the faithful into the secrets and mysteries of the Missal, to expose the mind of the Church as seen in her official act of homage and adoration. The author first unfolds the structure and parts of the Mass showing the great Act of Sacrifice in all detail, explaining the beautiful prayers that accompany the various actions and brings to light the reality of the common Sacrifice of priest and people. Then there is revealed a panorama of the Church Year with its round of liturgical seasons; the varying notes of sadness and joy, penance and hope that mark its passing; the warfare of the Church Militant; the lament of the Church Suffering; the shouts of triumph that resound from the ranks of the Blessed. Mention, too, is made of the prayers that the Church has established for different occasions and for the obtaining of special favors.

How profitable, then, for the faithful to be able to pray the Mass with the priest. How efficacious to be one with the Church in praising God, in seeking mercy for the Poor Souls, in seeking favors and graces, in being truly

Catholic. To be of the same mind with the Missal would soon make the Holy Sacrifice to us that thrilling and consoling spectacle it was to the Saints, who could never tire assisting thereat.

Father Martindale has wrought a good work for our Catholic faithful.

A little honest inquiry might show them that we honor the Saints simply and solely because they in their life time, honored and served and loved with an ardor which we can not fathom, the Creator, the Redeemer and the Holy Spirit of Love. A close study of their lives reveals them as witnesses to the Triune God in all His phases, and frequently to some particular one of His numberless attributes. Those who do not grasp the doctrine of the Communion of Saints, are generally still further away from any right conception of the perpetual miracle of the Eucharist, which will continue to make saints to the end of time.

**THE THREE MIRACLES OF ST. THERESA OF THE INFANT JESUS ACCEPTED FOR CANONIZATION.** By Dr. E. LeBec. Translated by Grace Haren. Central Bureau, Cath. Central Verein of America, St. Louis. 28 pp. 15 cts. the copy, postpaid, reduction in quantities.

Are the days of miracles over? Only the biased will dare to say so in the face of the proved facts presented for our consideration by a distinguished surgeon of Paris.

Dr. LeBec, who enjoys an international reputation as a skilful physician, and who is at the same time fully cognizant of the requirements demanded by the Catholic Church before declaring a particular event to be of a miraculous nature, boldly submits this evidence to the world at large as undeniable proof that the Hand of the Almighty has performed genuine miracles in favor of His Servant, St. Theresa of the Child Jesus.

With unflinching assurance the French surgeon declares that the phenomena described in these pages are fully in accord with the Church's definition

of a miracle, superior to the known laws inherent in human nature, and wholly unexplainable except by admitting the intervention of Divine Power. It is highly desirable that the evidence presented in this brochure become widely known, as an aid towards a more intelligent appreciation of the heroic sanctity of the Little Flower, lacking which Almighty God would not have granted, at her intercession, such miracles as those analyzed in this brochure.

**RICHELIEU.** By Hilaire Belloc. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott, Price: \$5.00.

Hilaire Belloc is at once prolific and consistent. A rare accomplishment in a writer in any age. His long list of successful writings is altogether astounding. It does seem as though, whatever manner of writing he puts his ever busy pen to, he can produce a work decidedly worthwhile. As an essayist he is clever, witty, and structurally impeccable. His poetry, the greater portion of which is tinged with a gentle, playful, medieval Catholicism, is exquisite. His stories for children are delightful, and filled with understanding. He can write a delicious bit of burlesque such as "Belinda," and then turn around and bring forth a fearless, direct, and completely invincible piece of apologetics like his glorious "Survivals and New Arrivals." However, it is as an historian that he is seen at his best, especially as an author of historical monographs. In this last named class he is unsurpassed. His latest, **RICHELIEU** is ample proof of this.

One of the stock-in-trade bogies of anti-Catholic bigots is a person known to history as Armand Jean Cardinal de Richelieu. Perhaps he is easier recognized simply as Richelieu — a name which has become a byword when speaking of canny statesmen and Machiavelian legislators. Mr. Belloc tells us the story of his life and times in his book of the same name.

This he does in the most approved Bellocian manner. By this is meant that he writes with his usual directness, in a straightforward, courageous, and



lusty way. Nothing is omitted; nothing palliated. There is no sidestepping, no dodging, no evasiveness. It is a forceful, veracious, and unashamed narrative.

Hilaire Belloc has never been one to blink at the truth. As a prose writer he possesses consummate artistry. He is clear, concise, full of a restrained emotion, and utterly sincere. His prowess and authority as an historian of Europe none can call into doubt. Consequently his description of Cardinal Richelieu, of his personality and career, of his times, and of his contemporaries is brilliant, reliable and convincing.

Neither is RICHIEU simply biography. Mr. Belloc states and sustains a thesis. Throughout the pages of this book he endeavors to prove that: "Through him [Richelieu] modern Europe arose. . . . He it was who securely founded Protestant Europe. . . ."

There are numerous passages of great power and beauty. At times the story reads almost like fiction. But then truth is stranger than fiction. In the following, the author is speaking of the portrait of Richelieu by Champaigne, in the Louvre:

"It is a thing on which to meditate. A man who knew no more than the name, or not that, would pause before it to wonder. . . . He stands there in his red robe, the delicacy of his fingers enhanced by the slight weight of his beretta, . . . his sparse hair long and dark against the exquisite fineness of his pallor: the brows arched exaggerated and steeply into the broad forehead, . . . but beneath them, those eyes. How shall I describe those eyes? There is in them a discretion but a reserve of power, an acceptance without advance, an observation without admittance (windows not doors), which as you watch them, increase upon you as might the expression of the living man."

Such is typical of the style and quality of this remarkable piece of biography. Without doubt it is the finest thing Mr. Belloc has ever done in this line. A fascinating book about a wholly magnificent figure, by a master of biography.

**THE VEILED DOOR.** By Caroline Giltinan. New York, The Macmillan Company. Price: \$1.50.

This slender volume makes delightful reading. There is about it a refreshing air of refinement. Rarely does one find a sheaf of poems in which so much spontaneous feeling is summed up in such brief lyrics. It has the recurring note of a Father Tabb who himself was master of that difficult art.

Although these verses do not portray Miss Giltinan as "gold-dusty from tumbling amidst the stars," yet she has been "smiting for shelter on their clanged bars." And this, not by any

profound depth of expression or loftiness of style, but by a simplicity that is at once sweet, beautiful, and full of feeling.

She sings, indeed, of sorrow, but always of a sorrow softened by faith. For, "the soul can only grow, through sorrow and the body's pain." She sings of Bethlehem and Calvary, and her lines hold naive beauty and tenderness wholly lacking in most of the blase poetry of our times. She sings of a child, and here she is at her best. Here is experience; life with its attendant love, gladness, and grief, woven into a garland of verse sweet, pathetic, and appealing.

How touching is "Consecration":

God! I ask one miracle:  
A baby's nestling head.  
I, the chalice; Love, the wine—  
Will you send the bread?  
or "Quest," the last two lines of which run thus:

Lo! in my need, God sends me thee:  
And from thy soul, He smiles on me.  
So it is with all her poems of childhood. There is a delicately passionate appeal running through them, reminding one of a Francis Thompson who would have us look for him in the "nurseries of Heaven."

On the whole, **THE VEILED DOOR** is a splendid book of poetry, interesting and appealing. Those who know good poetry will appreciate it.

Protestant: Catholic: Passionist:

## FIDELIS OF THE CROSS

James Kent Stone

By WALTER GEORGE SMITH, A. M., LL.D.,  
and HELEN GRACE SMITH

Of this inspiring biography, the Charleston Gazette says: "This book is a record that no religious person, be he Catholic, Jew or Protestant, should be deprived of reading." The story of James Kent Stone, who became a zealous Passionist after having been an Episcopalian minister, is here presented as a compelling spiritual drama.

Illustrated. Post-paid \$3.70

## THE SIGN

Union City - New Jersey

**SERMON THOUGHTS.** By Rev. Wm. Dederichs-Cannon. Price \$1.25.

**OUTLINE SERMONS.** By Rev. Peter Geiermann, C.S.S.R. Price: \$1.50. B. Herder Book Co. St. Louis.

The Liturgy forms the basis for each sermon in these two books which are akin in scope and, to some extent, in form. In **SERMON THOUGHTS**, out of each Sunday's or Feast Day's Liturgy a vibrant, predominating thought is chosen, one that can in short order and profitably be developed into a striking and forceful instruction or short sermon. Possessed of the key notes to the inexhaustible riches of the sacred Liturgy, a preacher is well armed and always ready. **OUTLINE SERMONS** while choosing in the same way a striking thought from the current Liturgy, gives a more lengthy sketch, a more extensive outline for the Sunday sermon. Besides, an appropriate title is given to each sermon.

These books are not merely additions to the vast number of sermon books in circulation. They are indices of the Liturgical Year, good desk companions for every priest. A busy priest with these books for reference need never ascend the pulpit conscious of his unpreparedness, trusting in the *dabitur vobis* most often conspicuous by its absence.

**SPANGLES.** By Joseph J. Quinn. The Stratford Co., Boston. Price: \$2.50.

Very appropriately, indeed, has the talented young editor of The Southwest Courier entitled his second book, **SPANGLES**. Its twenty-five odd stories are so many brilliant flashing spangles on the restless, swirling shawl of Life. They glitter and sparkle with interest and wit. From the torrid heats of Africa to flat Arkansas; from soft society life to the dregs of humanity in city slums; from church choirs to prison death-house, these stories carry the reader in rapid succession. There are tales of the press room, of the race track johnnies, of foreign missionaries, of parish priests, and of blue-eyed blondes wearing red bathing caps. Tragedy, comedy, death, love and religion all mix in this glorious symposium which the blurb writer has compared to the spangles on a tango dancer's multicolored shawl.

Each contains a plot fairly novel and always well drawn. Each has its own particular appeal. To recommend any as outstanding is risky, for there's no accounting for tastes. Hence we heartily commend them one and all. Some you may like, others not, but all, one must admit, are clever and well done.



## Letters From Our Missionaries

**A**FTER leaving San Francisco the one event I looked forward to in the long voyage across the Pacific, was battling a typhoon off the coast of Japan. It was 9:00 P. M.; the stars were out; the sea was calm; within 37 hours we would dock at Kobe. Giving up all hope of enjoying a typhoon I went to bed a disappointed man.

Early the next morning October 12, Columbus day, the weather was different. Clouds were hanging low, and a stiff breeze was blowing. Although the waves were rather high and far apart the ship rode very steadily. We celebrated holy Mass.

After breakfast the passengers went out on the deck to look at the majestic waves. While watching the waves rise to an emerald green and then break into a tumbling white foam, all noticed that the waves were getting higher and higher. About 10 A.M. someone remarked that the

### From San Francisco to Kobe

By

MICHAEL ANTHONY CAMPBELL, C.P.

waves were equal in size to those one ordinarily sees on the North Atlantic. One hour later a gentleman from the West Coast, feeling somewhat uneasy like the rest of us, said that if anyone told him that now, he would tell that gentleman to forget it.

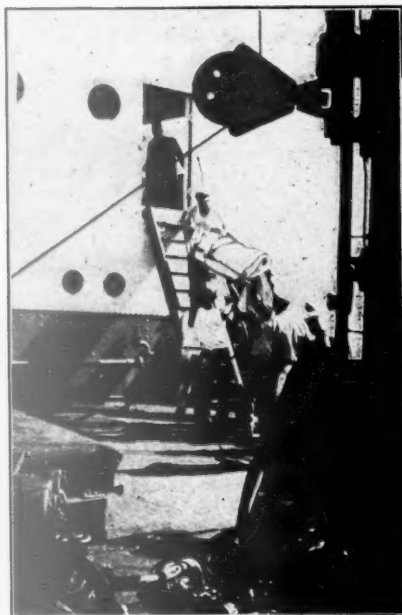
Noticing the first mate anxiously looking towards the storm, I walked over to him and asked if he thought we should run into a typhoon. He said that there were three typhoons in the district, and that one was passing us about 75 miles away. I thought to myself, what a terrific commotion a typhoon must be if it can cause such waves 75 miles away from it.

At noon it was raining. The wind was blowing close to 100 miles an hour, and the waves averaged 30 feet. No one was seen on deck. Every ten minutes the ship took an extra deep rolling dip or two. Just before luncheon a crashing sound came from the dining room as the dishes and silver slid from the tables onto the floor. From then on unfamiliar sounds were frequently heard as trunks knocked against cabin walls, chairs and tables overturned, and bureau drawers left their places and scattered their contents over the floor.

When the luncheon gong sounded many responded, only to take part as it were in a comedy moving picture. Just at the crucial moment, when the waiters were carrying in the soup, the ship dipped into a deep ocean hollow and the waiters, dishes, soup and all went down and were shuffled in among the tables and chairs. Not long after, three plates of soup



CELEBRATING THE FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION, 1929, AT KEOTSUN PASSIONIST MISSION



RIGHT: SICK SAILOR BEING LIFTED INTO LINER. CENTER: PATIENT



ON DECK. LEFT: PATIENT IS CARRIED UP LADDER TO OPERATING ROOM.



slipped from one table and drenched the back of a gentleman sitting close by. One man found himself eating under the table on one occasion. Everyone had a difficult time trying to find his mouth. Soon after lunch, it became impossible to keep the furniture of the dining-room in position. The steward let the chairs and tables go wherever they would. They therefore gathered together on the port side towards which the ship was listing.

At 2:00 P.M. we heaved to and started back towards San Francisco, nosing into the storm. In such a storm it was too risky to attempt sailing between the outlying islands of Japan. We held this course, riding over each wave, till 7 P.M. The Captain, thinking the most severe part of the storm had passed, turned the ship around and steamed for Kobe once more.

At 8:30 P.M. we dipped rather deep. There were the usual accompanying falling and banging sounds. All waited in suspense for the next wave. Were we going to go deeper after it passed under us? We did, and much greater noise was heard. After two such dips one prays fervently that the ship will not dip again in sequence with the other two, for if it does the third dip is the worst of all and anything can be expected. Just at the right time we started

going down; then deeper, deeper, and deeper; and—crash! The ship shuddered, paused, and leaned far over on its port-side as the next wave broke partly against her and partly upon her. People were thrown out of their beds. Tables which were nailed to the floor of the smoking room were slammed against the wall. The railing on the first deck was broken. A door on the second deck was split. When the ship righted herself the water came pouring in under the doors, flooding the halls and stairways. From then on the dipping gradually decreased and the noises stopped, and at 3:00 A.M. we left the typhoon in our wake. At sunrise only the western edge of the typhoon clouds could be seen to the East. Dry land was in sight two hours later and only then did the passengers feel at ease.

"A low depression storm" was the particular name given by the boatman's mate to the storm through which we passed. Such a storm is considered to be more dangerous than a typhoon. It takes place in that special section of the ocean which is bounded by three or more typhoons. The wind blows in every direction. The spray from the waves restricts the view ahead to a very short radius. Under such conditions it becomes very difficult and sometimes even impossible to hold the ship to its course.

Some thought that the largest wave was 80 feet high, but the boatman's mate said it was perhaps a little over 40 feet, and that only its splash cleared the funnel. The wind at its highest velocity was recorded between 110 to 120 miles an hour. Hence, now I know what it means to sail through and to "enjoy" a typhoon, and I can assure you that I feel more than satisfied.

But for the infinite mercy of God we could have suffered a disaster. The waves could have been higher and the storm could have lasted much longer. However, such was not God's will. It seems that He wanted to impress upon us the fact that we are absolutely dependent upon Him, and that we must place all our trust in Him all the time.

When we left home our friends promised to pray that we would arrive safely in China and we did. Their prayers were heard and now we hope and plead that they will pray for the success of the Passionist Missions in China.

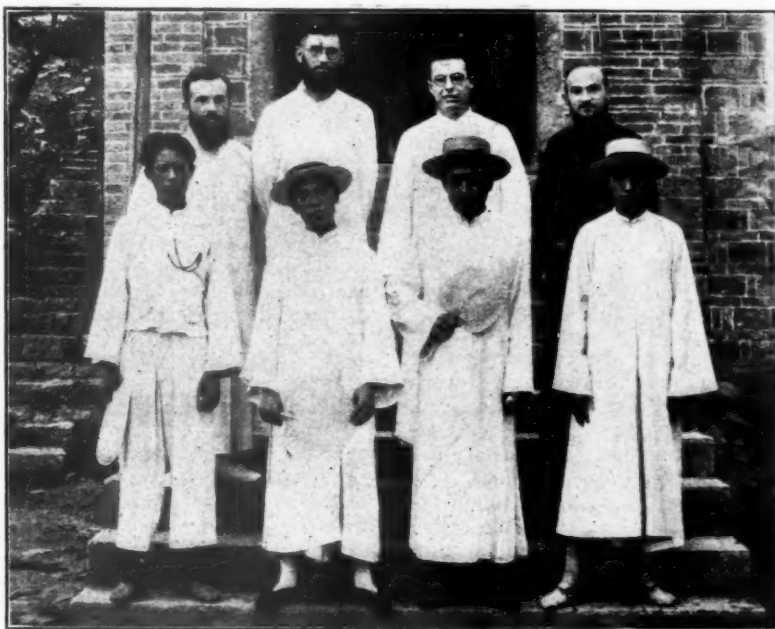
Another event of some interest occurred while we were crossing the Pacific. It happened towards the end of our first week out of Honolulu. After luncheon word came from the Captain that we had changed our course and were steaming full speed ahead. We were racing towards a



Norwegian freighter. The third engineer of that ship had developed an abscess in his stomach. The infection was so far advanced by now that the quickest action possible had to be taken to save his life. Our ship was the only one now at hand with a surgeon and necessary hospital equipment. The question was whether we could meet the ship and get the man to our ship before he died.

The ships were two days apart. We were expected to sight each other at 11 A.M. the next morning. Eleven came and still the ship did not appear. For one hour the Captain and the officers scanned the horizon with the glasses. Another hour passed with no sight of the freighter. Luncheon started and finished without the Captain. Many of the passengers rushed through the meal not wishing to miss the first sign of the freighter. When four bells rang the officers were on the bridge, some using the glasses, others pacing up and down. At 2:10 P.M. the Captain sighted the Norwegian. The passengers looked, but couldn't see anything that looked like a ship. And no wonder, for what the Captain saw was only a faint streak of smoke curling up from the horizon. In a short while the ship herself appeared. She was coming toward us. When at a distance of three miles from us she turned and pointed the same way we did, and then seemed to stop. We surmised that preparations were being made to transfer the patient.

A short while later someone sighted a little boat appearing and disappearing among the waves, halfway between the two ships. Next, oars were distinguished, then two men in white,



THREE GERMAN MISSIONARIES VISIT FATHER RAPHAEL'S MISSION AT PAOTSING. TOP ROWS FATHERS MAX BREIT, HUBERT KLAESNER, (WILLIAM WESTHOVEN, PASSIONIST) AND M. BUCHOLZ. BOTTOM ROW: FATHER RAPHAEL'S CATECHISTS; SAN PATRICK, SWEN STEPHEN, CHEN ANDREW AND CHIANG LEONARD. PICTURE TAKEN AUGUST 15, 1929.

and later two men in black. The men in white stopped rowing. All four men were looking towards the bottom of the boat. They were watching the patient. Finally we reached them; threw them two lines which they fastened to their boat fore and aft. We were going slow speed at the time and continued to, until the little boat left us. After the lines were fastened we dropped a line from a boom. The two Norwegian sailors fastened the line to the handles of the stretcher to which

the sick man was strapped. The stretcher itself, was loosened, then our crew pulled on the line and the Engineer was raised up, swung over, and gently lowered onto our deck. The loops were slipped from the handles of the stretcher and the patient taken to the infirmary. The operation was performed. The man gained in strength daily. At Kobe he was placed in a hospital. And thus it was that a man's life was saved in the middle of the Pacific.



FATHER CUTHBERT O'GARA, C.P., VIEWS CHENKI FROM THE FARTHER RIVER BANK

## Hot Water and the Clock

By EDWARD MCCARTHY, C.P.

"WHAT'S Chinese to me," is the popular American way of saying, "I am perplexed." The full significance of that expression did not strike me until last week, and then it hit me with a bang—almost a knock-out. I opened a Chinese story book for the first time, and with the aid of a native struggled to decipher and pronounce the hieroglyphics. It was the most difficult cross-word puzzle I had ever tried to solve, and the harshest rhapsody I had ever attempted to warble. And history has repeated itself every day since.

You would enjoy a visit to our little class-room. Visualize the scene. A short, thin man with sallow skin and high cheek bones makes his appearance. He smiles, bows, shakes his own hands and sits down. In this corner we have Sien-Seng, the Chinese professor who boasts that he gives special pains to beginners. I vouch for his veracity. His keen, restless eyes take a quick glance at the book and then across the table. In the other corner we have the three musketeers who have just arrived in the celestial kingdom.

Now the fun begins. Sien-Seng points to a Chinese character and asks for its pronunciation. A mumbling, stuttering and moaning is heard in response to his appeal. He shakes his head. "No!" The greenhorns try

once more, but the head is still wagging. "No!" Again and again we try, but with no improvement. The tension is relieved by a little selection from the Black Crows. "Even if it was good he wouldn't like it." At last one of the pupils hits it correctly. It is refreshing to see the

As you read the story of the *Pasionist missionaries in China*, please don't forget that they are doing absolutely pioneer work among a pagan people. They need more financial help than we can give them; but, above all, they need your fervent prayers. Don't forget them!

professor's head swing the other way in approval. We were wondering whether it could possibly move up and down. "How did you do it?" the bright light is asked by his less talented companions. "I formed my tongue and lips to say an L but instead said an N with a grunt," is his explanation. All try together and it works like a charm. Sien-Seng is satisfied. Pointing to an English word he asks for its pronunciation

in Chinese. It looks easy, and it is. Unfortunately, however, we give the wrong tone. He explains that this character has five tones, each tone having a different meaning. Something else to worry about. Then the little yes-and-no man speaks a few Chinese words and tells the beginners to show him the corresponding characters. To the untrained eye it is like trying to distinguish the colored gentleman in a minstrel show. They all look alike and unfamiliar. The time passes quickly. Sien-Seng smiles, shakes his own hands and bows himself out of the room to return in a few hours. We have two performances every day. Meantime we study privately and try out the language on the boy who works here. What a thrill it is to be able to string a Chinese sentence together! But, oh the disappointment to have the boy bring you hot water when you wanted to know the time!

We realize that we are handicapped until we acquire a working knowledge of the language. So we are studying continuously and methodically. It is a difficult task but worth the effort. It shall be a big event in my life when I preach my first Chinese sermon. We shall have plenty of fireworks to celebrate the feat. Lindbergh had to stay up all night to cross the Atlantic. I shall have to stay up every night to get this language.



SISTERS OF CHARITY AND SOME OF FATHER CUTHBERT'S FLOCK AT WUKI.

## News from Liu-Lin-Cha

**C**HRISt's kingdom continues to spread in the hearts of the Chinese in spite of temporary setbacks. The new school regulations forbid the teaching of Christian Doctrine during school hours. The disturbed conditions of the times make travelling perilous. Death and illness have lessened our numbers. But we are still making much spiritual progress. We are by no means discouraged by these setbacks. Human prudence says, "Quit, because your life may be taken." In spite of this, brave, self-sacrificing missionaries are still heeding Christ's pathetic plea to replace those heroic soldiers fallen in death or disabled by illness. Never shrinking, they gladly step into the breach. The Church must be ceaselessly at work no matter what obstacles may stand in the way.

These thoughts occurred to me when I met the three German Fathers of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart who were in Ts'ang-Teh waiting for me to bring them to Shenchow where they would continue on to their mission in Tung-ren, Kweichow. The usual route is through the Province of Yunnan, but travelling there is unsafe. While the Fathers were in Hankow as guests of Father Arthur, they received the startling news that their religious superior, Father Winkelmann, had been killed by bandits while on his way to Shanghai to meet and take them to

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

their new missionfield in Kweichow.

It was a pleasure for me to accompany these good Fathers to Shenchow, since I had to come to Ts'ang-Teh on business. To add to their misfortunes, the Fathers had lost many of their belongings while weathering a fierce storm on Tung-ting Lake. One night as their boat was plying its way in a driving rain, storm lashed by high winds, the mountainous waves entered their cabins and swamped them. Fortunately the boat was near the shore and pulled up in safety. The night was spent in bailing out the boat and removing the water-soaked boxes to the shore. The next day they were able to resume their journey. They arrived in Ts'ang-Teh four days later. When I met them they were busy sorting the contents of their boxes and placing most of the articles in the sun to dry.

Meantime two large, comfortable boats had been hired and, when all the boxes had been put aboard, we set sail for Shenchow. We passed city after city until the familiar surroundings of Liu-Lin-Cha were discerned in the distance. The next day was the feast of the Sacred Heart, the patronal feast of the Congregation of the Sacred Heart, and we decided to spend it solemnly with holy Mass in the little mission chapel of Saint Theresa of Avila, Liu-Lin-Cha. The

inward man also needed a change of rations from the ordinary fare of canned foods, and our somewhat blunted appetites were sharpened by delicious peas, lettuce, beets, cucumbers and radish—picked from my garden—the produce of seeds sent from America. To prolong the recollections of these delicious vegetables, we took a supply of them with us.

One evening, while putting up at a town along the way, a messenger came aboard with a letter from Father William inquiring when we should reach Shenchow. I answered that we could be expected next day at noon. New missionaries are always received with much ceremony. The Christians gather on the river bank ready to welcome all with a salvo of firecrackers and there are also chairs to carry us in triumph to the mission amid more and louder firecrackers.

Thanks to the kind interposition of fate we arrived at Shenchow three hours ahead of time and walked in on them like old missionaries revisiting the mission. This suited us well enough but it upset the mission plans for a brilliant welcome. There were firecrackers touched off which lasted for fifteen minutes while everybody was getting acquainted with one another. After the pandemonium of noise subsided, Father William chided me for making such an unexpected appearance and thus queering their



X MARKS MISSION AT SO-TO-PING. RICE FIELDS ARE SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND.





PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES GATHERED FOR THEIR ANNUAL RETREAT.

plans. However, the blunder was soon forgotten and we all sat down to a splendid dinner.

The German Fathers' visit proved short. They wished to take the May-ang road to their mission, but this was found to be impracticable because of the presence of bandits on the road. Father Agatho advised them to try Paotsing next. He was returning to his mission and the Fathers went as far as Paotsing with him. But they could get no further and are still in captivity until conditions improve. The Fathers are making marked progress in Chinese and in English, while Father William is becoming learned in German. It is annoying to the missionary to submit to delays in a journey, but patience is the only remedy. In America there is a popular saying that well expresses the spirit of the age, "I want what I want when I want it." In China the version would be, "I wait and I wait and I wait for it."

I thought after the missionaries had gone north, that I could go back to my long neglected mission. Such was not to be the case. Father Paul needed a long rest to get in trim for the worries and cares of another year. Hence he went to Yungshun where the change of air and environment would do much in building up a strong body. I was appointed to take his place in Shenchow. A month passed by and I was still there, until Father Quentin and Father Rupert came down and stopped off for a few days. They were bound for Hankow to receive medical care, so I concluded that possibly it could be arranged for me to go with them as far as my own mission. This I did. Get-

ting home felt good. There was much work to do, and for days I was more than usually busy. Then Father Caspar and Father Timothy came and paid me a short visit.

The peace of Liu-Lin-Cha is generally disturbed twice a year, either by the danger of roving bandits coming in large numbers, or by defeated troops passing through. If the strangers outnumber the Government troops and the Home Guard, the local soldiers retire into the country for self-protection. They fear to lose their guns. We don't fear the bandits except when the Government troops withdraw to take up positions south of Shenchow to turn back soldiers heading for that city. But the interval between the coming of the new soldiers and the retiring of the Home Guard is usually so well timed as to precede the bandits in coming to town.

The Government troops had been away for two weeks on an expedition against a particularly dangerous band of robbers who were strongly entrenched in the hills and against whom the soldiers could make no headway. One day all the soldiers returned, and left on the following day for a town south of Shenchow. Then information came that 30,000 men and 2,500 horses were coming along the main road on their march to Koang-shi where they were joining the rebels against Nanking. Liu-Lin-Cha is off the beaten track. Whatever news reaches us is generally half truth and half rumor. A week passed and still no trouble occurred. Then, one afternoon, we heard that Tsang-Fa-Koei's men had reached a small town above Liu-Lin-Cha and were

building a bridge across the river to pass over. Soon some of his soldiers appeared on our streets. We had heard unsavory accounts of these soldiers and feared for the worst. The soldiers were buying food and paying for it, while others were commandeering all the boats and sailing to the next town to join the pontoon. There was no evidence of disorder but rumor persisted in gaining ground that these soldiers were friends of a notorious General.

It was then that the captain of the Home Guard came to the mission and informed me that he was leaving with his soldiers in the morning and advised me to board a boat and go to Tao Yuen while the road was still open. Conditions looked so serious that I got a boat and under cover of darkness went aboard. Towards midnight I heard two shots ring out over the prow of our boat, but as no more shots were fired we concluded that these two shots were signals to the soldiers on the boats on the opposite shore that all was well. If we could



THE FIRST CHINESE NOVICE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.

glide unseen by these soldiers, our boat would not run the risk of being commandeered next day. In the early morning we made our way slowly, noiselessly, past the sleeping soldiers and in the gray of dawn were well past all danger.

At sunrise we joined a convoy. Very soon we were all sailing together when two shots rang out from the opposite shore. Nobody stopped. It was learned later that these shots were fired by bandits who were too distant to do us any harm. Towards noon we came to a full stop when soldiers from the opposite shore signalled to us to have all the boats pull up to shore. We did not know whether they were bandits or the Government troops. No soldier came on board, so we concluded there would be no robbing. They proved to be the tail end of Tsang-Fa-Koe's men, who feared to be caught by their pursuers and wanted to build a bridge to cross the river. My boy was talking with one of the soldiers and remarked that there was a very sick man on his boat, and that he was anxious to get to the Ts'-ang-Teh hospital. We learned that the soldiers were leaving in the morning. They left as daylight came and we lost no time in getting under sail. We arrived in Tao Yuen that afternoon, grateful to God for a safe journey. Father Nicanor welcomed us like a father. It was like a real homecoming.

One morning as we were looking towards the drill grounds we heard the whirr of a plane and, sure enough, one was high up in the skies flying towards Liu-Lin-Cha and points



THE NEW CATECHUMENATE IN YUNGSUI MISSION WHERE THESE AND OTHER CHINESE WOMEN ARE STUDYING CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

north reconnoitering for Tsang-Fa-Koei's army. It was amusing to hear the native's remarks about the plane. They wanted to know if it was not a new kind of bird with a lion's voice, what it ate, whether it ever came down, or if anybody was in it. The country people, many of whom never saw a plane, mistook it for a new god and kow-towed, beat drums and set off firecrackers to do it honor.

In a few days a letter came from my mission telling me that the new soldiers came down the afternoon of the day we left and occupied all the houses in the town and also the mission. Ten thousand of them stayed for four days. Let it be said to the credit of Tsang-Fa-Koei's men that a minimum of inconvenience was caused by them and that no stealing or anything untoward happened

while they were billeted in the houses. Certainly the mission did not suffer. That was very assuring news. Tsang-Fa-Koei's men have an enviable record of being among the best of China's armies for fighting efficiency, discipline and order.

The Tao Yuen mission, where I am staying until things clear up in my section, was established nearly thirty years ago. It has eighteen stations, sixteen hundred Christians, and is cared for by Father Nicanor and Father Augustine. Peter, the doorkeeper, an old man now, is also among the founders of this flourishing Christianity. He has, by his exhortations and good example, influenced many persons in becoming Christians. As a result of his marvellous work a new station was opened for the Christians he made. Such men as he are rare. While there are many fervent laymen throughout our own Prefecture, I do not think any of them can equal Peter. What a great reward awaits this fervent Christian! St. Augustine said that we save our souls in helping others to save theirs!

We call upon all those who read these lines to ponder well the meaning of these words and to ask themselves some pertinent questions; Am I praying for the spread of Christ's kingdom in the hearts of the Chinese? Am I getting at least one more subscription for THE SIGN. Am I contributing regularly to the Chinese mission fund? If I am doing all this I am a missionary and I can expect a missionary's reward—the salvation of my own immortal soul, with treasures pressed down and overflowing.



THE PASSIONIST MISSION AT LIU-LIN-CHA BUILT THROUGH THE GOOD WILL AND GENEROSITY OF THE SIGN READERS.

## Onward to Kweichow

**W**HEN I answer the summons of the religious superior of the Passionist Fathers, the Reverend Father William Westhoven, to write something for *THE SIGN*, I consider it a welcome occasion of returning thanks to the Passionist Fathers in China.

The same aim and, still more, a common fate and helpful charity shown us were the fertile soil on which grew up a brotherly friendship between the Passionist Fathers and the young German Mission in East Kweichow.

Leaving home the first of November, 1928, we knew that somewhere in the far East a small but brave band of brothers awaited us longingly. The Reverend Father Winkelmann who, in 1926 together with two other fellow priests, was the first to set foot on the new mission field was traveling on lonesome paths and inconvenient roads at the same time as the steamer Fulda brought up across the separating ocean. He was on the way to meet us at Shanghai.

Just two years ago we ourselves bade him farewell, and the last handshake spoke a silent but fervent good-bye and *au revoir*. What a happy see-you-again we fancied! How yearningly we looked for our brother amongst the crowd of strange people crowding the wharf as our steamer dropped anchor on the dark evening of December 23, 1928. But Father Winkelmann was not there! Two months waiting did not bring him—could not bring him! They brought only the cruel news of his having been lost on the way, likely a victim of bandits. Arrived at Hankow, our fears for the worst no longer remained a mere supposition, for here we received the mournful news of his tragic violent death.

In Father Winkelmann we lost an apostolic missionary, animated by the ardent fervor of a St. Paul. With the Love of Christ burning in his soul, with sacred restlessness, he was ready to live a long life of hardest work and innermost sorrow, and at the same time, he was prepared—willing to offer the fresh heart-blood of his young life, if his Master demanded martyr's blood for the growing seed.

The crucifix Father Winkelmann's mother held in her hand when dying

BY A MISSIONARY  
OF THE SACRED HEART

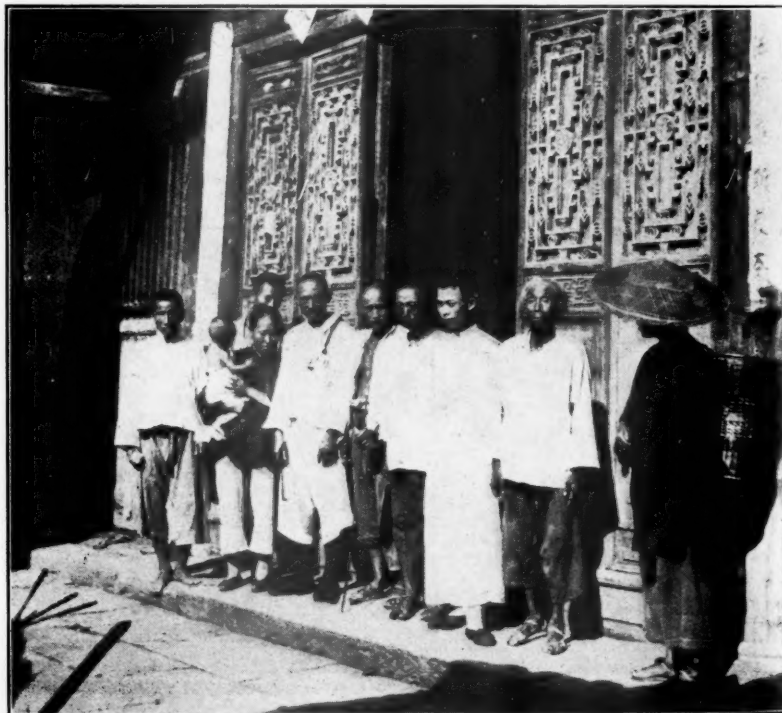
—it was a year after her son left home, and which we had brought with us as a last greeting to her missionary son—none of us thought we must lay it down on a fresh grave. "We greet thee, martyr of love! Thou who could not reach thy hand to guide us, reach us now thy hand from thy everlasting dwelling and bless us."

We shall never forget our first meeting with the Passionist Fathers at Hankow. The first greeting we were given was a kind and hearty invitation by the Reverend Arthur Benson to "feel at home." None but those who have just left their dear ones and are hindered in reaching their new home for a long time can realize what it means to be received like a member of one's own family.

The eve of the great family feast day of the Passionist Fathers—St. Paul of the Cross—a telegram arrived at Hankow telling in a few cruel words of the martyrdom of the

three well-known Passionist Fathers, Clement Seybold, Walter Coveyou and Godfrey Holbein. Shortly afterwards followed the news of Father Constantine's death. Need I say, that in these days of grief and affliction we mourned with heartfelt sympathy with the dear parents and relatives, as well as with the brother priests of the four heroic missionaries. But in the depths of our hearts grew up the consoling conviction that God's love and affection rest upon us as He accepted the highest sacrifice a missionary can offer Him—one's own life and blood.

Nearly four months have passed since we left Shenchow, the central mission of the Passionist Fathers, where we once more enjoyed the generous charity both of the Fathers and the good Sisters of Charity who gave us a helping hand in saving so many things which had suffered in a shipwreck below Changteh. We are still enjoying the hospitality of the Passionist Fathers, having taken up our residence in Father Raphael's mission at Paotsing. Because of bandits and Communists, at whose hands our



ENTRANCE TO CHAPEL OF A WANGTSUN OUT-MISSION.



missions and missionaries are suffering, we are still prevented from reaching the end of our journey.

We were told in Hankow, when setting out for the interior, that we did so at our own risk. They even tried to bring it home to us that traveling in the heart of the country was plain nonsense. What is the answer to that? Is there an answer, an incontestable answer? No! Not to people who reason and argue from

the viewpoint of the world. Is there an answer? Yes! But only for one who stands learning at the foot of the Cross. This incontestable answer lays in our Lord's will which He gave in solemn silence stretching out His arms on the Cross, raised in the face of the entire world.

In the silence of the Shenchow hills we stood before the graves of the Passionist martyrs. A young missionary at a martyr's fresh tomb—

this does not mean discouragement. A young missionary at the fresh grave-mounds of three martyrs—this means a fresh light over life's program. The holy sign planted on the martyr's grave—this is a sacred invitation not to be refused when given by those who died under the Cross for the cause of their Master. He demands high sacrifices, but rewards those sacrifices with higher rewards. He is never outdone in generosity.

## Science Visits Hunan

By FRANCIS FLAHERTY, C.P.

**L**AST week the ordinary humdrum, everyday life of the city of Shenchow received a shock. About noon, for three successive days, an airplane passed over the city. Only once before, some fifteen years ago, throughout the centuries of its existence did the populace of Shenchow witness such an event. In a city whose social and economic fabric is almost identical with that which existed at the time of Confucius, one can readily understand what an object of wonder and amazement, curiosity and awe was the advent of an aeroplane.

shouts, running feet and slamming doors arrested my attention. An overtone of the general excitement was the zoom of some high-powered engine. Though it was the first sound of any kind of machine that I had heard since my arrival in Shenchow a year previous, I recognized it at once as that of an airplane. With a curiosity almost as keen as that of the natives themselves, I hurried to the porch, and there, sure enough, was a silvery monarch of the skies.

ous questions and comments made. Thus: "A man could not be in it, because it was only this big," indicating some twenty inches or so with his hands. Thus it looked from the ground. A still more humorous remark followed this. "How did it go? Did a man continually turn some kind of a crank?" Incidentally, these comments were those of a "teacher," one of the city's venerated literati. One of the Christian women asked: "What did it eat, and when it came down for a rest? How did it get down to earth again; it could only fall down." I loaned my fieldglasses to the mission catechist to get a better view. A bystander, still in wonder and doubt about the marvel, asked: "Is there a man in it?" And so with various other questions and remarks.

The incident served more forcefully than words to reveal the backward state of civilization in the interior of China. It will be difficult for Americans of this age of scientific progress to appreciate the status of Chinese civilization here in the interior, where methods of travel are still of a primitive nature. The longest journeys are made on foot or by burro, in man-borne chairs or sampans. In our mission territory, roads of any description are still things of the future, the highways from city to city being but beaten footpaths, occasionally laid with flagstones. Do you wonder that the appearance of a fast flying air-plane was an event of keenest interest and curiosity?

The purpose of its penetrating thus far into the interior was to view the operations of the provincial forces against a rebel General and his army, who have been forcing their way through Western Hunan in an effort



MISSIONARIES OF THE SACRED HEART LOOK OVER PAOTSIING.

For us Americans of this auto-plane-and-liner age, the remarks and comments of the natives contained much humor. I was engaged in the study of the baffling Chinese language when the sudden commotion of

In the mission yard below a number of the Christians had gathered, all viewing with upturned faces the strange and marvelous sight. Father Paul was among them and it was from him that I learned of the vari-

to get into a neighboring province.

Another purpose attained, if not intended, was to educate the people to what the present government could do in cases of rebellion or lack of submission. A few bombs were dropped here and there, no doubt

with this end in view. Very recently China has added thirty planes to its air force. May they be instrumental in establishing peace and unity throughout a divided and war-torn country, so that the laborers in the vineyard of the Lord may carry on

their work unhampered by the more or less subconscious but enervating fear of coming danger.

Pray for peace in China! That is the most important need we Passionist missionaries have at the present time.

## Marriage and Renunciation

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

**H**ARDLY a week has passed within the last two months that I did not have to spend at least two, and often three or four, days in the saddle. I shall not burden you with an account of all these trips. But one experience I had will, I feel sure, be of interest.

The month of October seems to be the bridal month in China as well as the month of funerals. Last week there were two weddings on the same day in a little town called Hofuchee, about an eight or ten hours ride per mule from here.

I arrived at the village about nine o'clock one morning, and at once went to the place where the first wedding was to take place. The bridegroom—a nervous lad of sixteen—was anxious for the ceremony to begin. As I put on my surplice and stole, someone told me not to be in a hurry as the bride had not yet arrived. We waited for over an hour when, down the road, we heard a great commotion. The setting off of firecrackers, the sounding of cymbals, men shouting at the top of their voices—all these made us think, "here comes the bride." But it proved to be only the bride's trunk being brought to her future husband's home. The lady herself appeared an hour or two later!

Just before the ceremony, I asked the bridegroom for the ring. He looked stupefied. He had forgotten all about it. However, it did not take him long to borrow one. In fact, he came back with about six of them, some of silver and some of copper, and told me to take my choice. It was not until during the actual ceremony that I discovered my mistake. I had not figured on a bride of such generous proportions, and the wedding ring proved to be too small. The only finger on which she could wear it was her little finger.

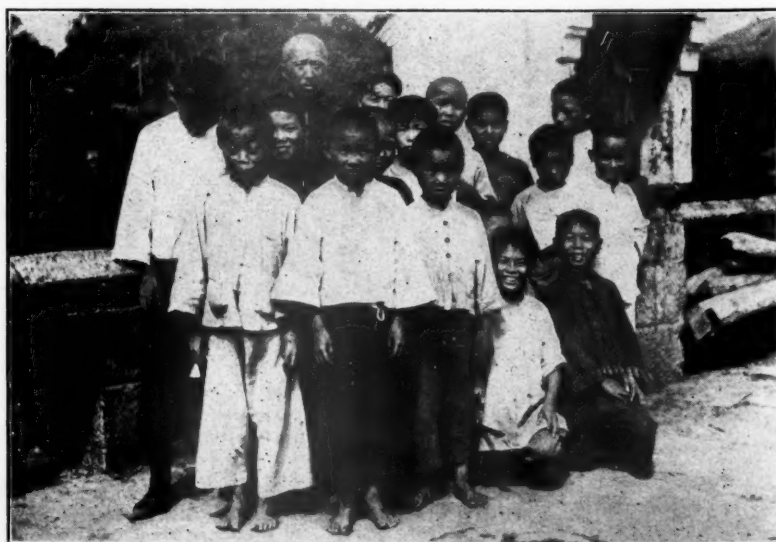
Of course, there was no shower of rice after the ceremony was over.

Rice is too precious a commodity in China for that. Besides, all the rice they had was needed for the banquet. Firecrackers took the place of confetti. There were many interesting customs about the Chinese wedding about which I hope to write about some other time.

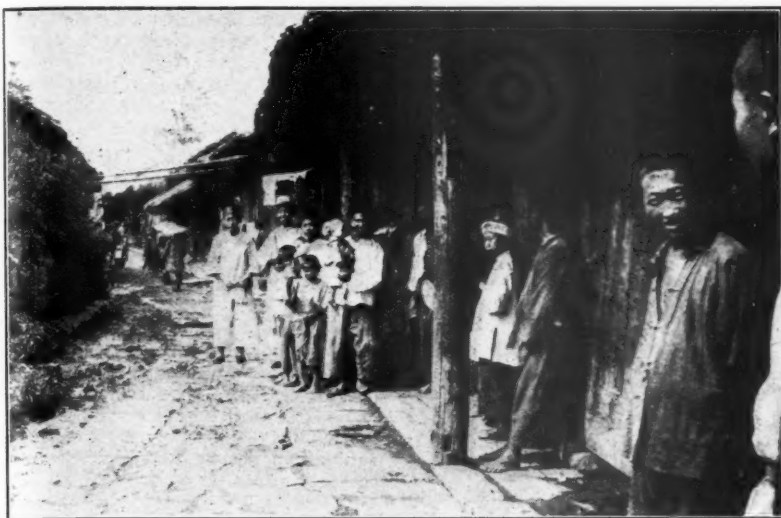
This couple married, I proceeded to the next place—about a mile down the road. And here I had an experience of which I have heard stories, but which until then I never thought would happen in reality. As I arrived at the place, the people were in the midst of a banquet. They had decided that, while waiting for the priest to come, they might as well anticipate the celebration a little, and so would have the banquet before the wedding. Everything was in readiness for the ceremony. The bride had already arrived. But one important thing was lacking—the bridegroom! It seems that this gentleman had just had a

quarrel with his brother, at whose house the wedding was to take place. So the husband-to-be had quietly run away in the midst of the celebration, and left the brother to face the bills for the banquet and the problem as to what to do with the bride and how to placate her irate parents. Scouts were sent out to find the groom but returned after an hour or so, saying that he could not be found. No substitute being available, the wedding had to be called off for lack of a man.

On the return journey home, my boy made the way "interesting" by showing me several places which were recently infested with bandits. Amongst these places was one in particular, where, some five or six years ago, an Augustinian Father was captured by bandits and held for three days. When I asked my boy if there were any bandits on the road now he answered: "Perhaps!" We traveled somewhat fast after that. I doubt if the old mule ever went speedier in all her life.



THE BOYS OF OUR WANGTSUN MISSION.



THE MISSION OF SUNG PEH TS'ANG (HEMLOCK MARKET).

I got back to the mission the following day, bringing six boys from the country with me who were coming to our mission school to study doctrine. We have about forty boys at present. Some are Catholics and some hope to be Catholics before long. A number of them are orphans.

The following day, being Sunday, we had the annual Rosary Procession. Bad weather did not permit us to have it outside. So we marched through the church. After the procession one of the boys who was to be baptized the next Sunday (the feast of Christ the King) made what is called his "Renunciation of Idols." It certainly was a most impressive ceremony.

This "renunciation" is but one of the many steps leading to baptism. If, for example, a young man tells us that he wishes to become a Catholic, he must first of all be recommended by some practical Church members in good standing. Then he must buy (or, if he has not the money, it is given him) a catechism, which he must diligently study. He memorizes the whole catechism, from cover to cover, being able to give questions as well as answers. Then too, for the space of a year or more, he must come to church for all the great feasts, if he lives far from the church. If he lives nearby he must come to Mass every Sunday, and every evening for instruction. Such a person is called a "catechumen." After having passed this period of probation, and having proven him-

self a good character, and remaining firm in his desire to become a Catholic, he is taken into the mission. Now follows an intensive course in Catholic doctrine, attendance at holy Mass and public prayers daily, as also at the various other services. After that comes an examination to see if the candidate is sufficiently instructed. Having successfully passed this examination, the future Catholic goes through the ceremony of "Renunciation."

Let me try to describe it for you. The young man who was to make the renunciation of idols was brought to the church. All the Christians, and even the pagans, who are in the mission are present as witnesses. All the candles on the altar are lighted and the young man—in this instance named "Wang"—is led to the foot of the altar between two older Christians of good standing. These two are his *special* witnesses. Then Father Agatho, the pastor here, gave a beautiful and inspiring talk on constancy in Faith; its difficulties; how necessary it is; and its advantages. He concluded his sermon by asking Wang whether he was determined to remain faithful to his holy religion after receiving baptism, to which the boy answered in the affirmative. Father Agatho also asked him whether he would ever go back to the worship of idols. Wang answered that he never would. Then, to make his talk even more practical, the pastor said, "Well now, Wang, suppose the Communists should come to the city of Yungshun. And suppose

these Communists, the enemies of our religion, would ask you to give up your holy Faith, would you do so?" The poor lad, being quite nervous by this time, had not fully understood the question, and answered that he "certainly would!" A ripple of laughter went through the church. But the boy quickly corrected his answer when the question was repeated.

After the sermon and questioning were over, Wang, kneeling before the altar, recited the following beautiful renunciation: "I, Wang, in the presence of God, calling Him, our Holy Mother the Church, and all these assembled Christians to witness, here solemnly declare that I believe in God and in the Holy Catholic Church, and I promise to observe her laws and teaching. I promise to continue to study her doctrines and her prayers. I believe also in the Holy Trinity—one God and Three Persons. I believe that God is the Maker of heaven and earth, that He became man for us, and that He will reward the good and punish the wicked. I trust Him to bless me here on earth and in the life to come. I promise today and every day to love God above all things, never more to offend Him, and never to return to my former superstitions. I promise that, even under pressure of the greatest torments I shall never renounce God. Realizing my own weakness, I beseech all the Christians to beg God to give me the grace to persevere."

This formula having been recited, there follow the five acts of adoration. The two main witnesses, addressing the candidate, tell him to adore God and renounce all false worship. Thereupon the young man kneels and makes a profound bow. This is repeated five times. The second adoration consists of an act of hope in God that He may forgive him all his sins. The third consists of an act of the love of God. The fourth is an act of contrition. Finally, in the fifth adoration, our Blessed Mother is invoked and asked to obtain the grace of perseverance for him who will soon be baptized. The ceremony concludes with Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament.

It was the first time I ever witnessed this public renunciation of idols and I was deeply impressed. God grant that many, many more may turn from their worship of idols to the worship of the One True God in the only true religion—the Catholic Faith.



# Gemma's League

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of united prayer.

**THE OBJECT:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**THE METHOD:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**MEMBERSHIP:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular as well as many members of various Religious Orders. The "Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

**OBLIGATIONS:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money contributions to the



GEMMA GALGANI.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said	60
Masses Heard	24,866
Holy Communions	16,423
Visits to Blessed Sacrament	46,569
Spiritual Communions	139,604
Benediction Services	6,763
Sacrifices, Sufferings	66,468
Stations of the Cross	11,288
Visits to the Crucifix	40,065
Beads of the Five Wounds	39,373
Offerings of Precious Blood	199,767
Visits to Our Lady	30,268
Rosaries	31,458
Beads of the Seven Dolours	4,495
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,472,569
Hours of Study, Reading	30,547
Hours of Labor	53,746
Acts of Kindness, Charity	46,129
Acts of Zeal	109,282
Prayers, Devotions	458,684
Hours of Silence	47,333
Various Works	145,275
Holy Hours	585

missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet might be reasonably expected.

**THE REWARD:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

**THE PATRON:** Gemma Calgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**HEADQUARTERS:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.)

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. JUSTIN W. CORCORAN  
REV. THOS. J. RYAN, O.M.I.  
SISTER M. FELICITA LAUER  
SISTER MARY OF THE ASSUMPTION (McNamee)  
SISTER CLARE TERESA  
SISTER MARY EMMA  
ROSE ANN MURPHY  
JOSEPH J. ALBRECHT  
MARY B. KANE  
BRIDGET LANIGAN  
THOMAS MURPHY  
JANE COMISKEY  
MINNIE FLANAGAN  
JOHN P. NOLAN  
MRS. H. WARD  
PETER A. STUDER  
MRS. A. C. COURTENAY  
FRANCES E. MORIARITY  
KATHERINE WANNA-MACHER  
JOHN FRANCIS MOONEY  
JOHN J. GILMARTIN  
LORETTA SCHMITT  
ALICE BERRY

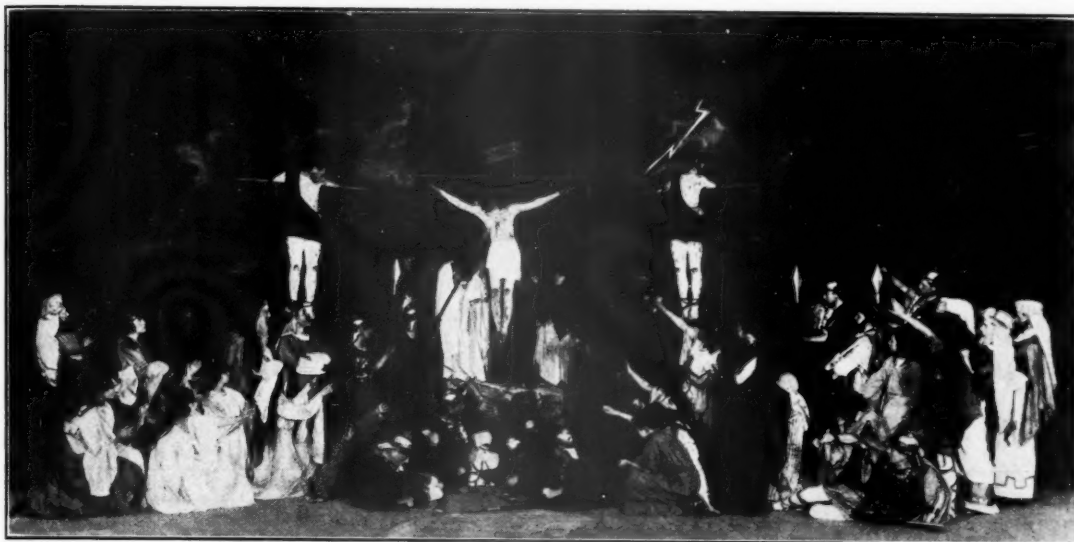
MRS. JOHN J. LYNCH  
HANNAH O'BRIEN  
MICHAEL HANRAHAN  
HELENA HANRAHAN  
CORNELIUS W. McLAUGHLIN  
FANNIE EVANS  
ELIZABETH F. BRODERICK  
CLEOPHAS LAMBERT  
MRS. JOHN DOWD  
MARGARET GORDON  
JOHN D. BUCKLEY  
SOPHIE DROZD  
MARY MELVIN  
MARY E. MERCHANT  
PAUL EMILE FOURNIER  
FRANCIS McGERTY  
TOMASINA GREVELLESE  
JOSEPH WILLARD  
MRS. WM. P. MITCHELL  
THOMAS F. CASEY  
ALOYSIUS X. DOWNEY  
NELLIE GALLAGHER  
FREDERICKA RIFFEL  
GRACE M. McFEELY  
BRIDGET KEEFE  
PATRICK KEEFE  
ELLEN JOYCE  
PELAGIA KACZMAREK  
CATHERINE THOMPSON  
JOHN A. HURLEY  
DANIEL SULLIVAN  
MICHAEL ANTONWICK  
ANNA M. WINSCHER  
MRS. HARRY A. McENTEE

JULIA T. MALONEY  
MICHAEL GLEEN MADDEN  
MARGARET A. MacDONALD  
HENRY F. WHITE  
M. V. REILLY  
MRS. JOHN CUSHING  
GEORGE FAXLANGER  
JOHN GRUNEISEN  
MARIA MACKEY  
HELEN GRUNSSING  
JOHN H. BALDWIN  
MARGARET BERGEN  
LAWRENCE CASSIDY  
JOHN CERAT  
MRS. F. ROESCH  
CATHERINE MANGAN  
MARGARET MANGAN  
JOSEPH P. ENOS  
FRANCES P. MADDEN  
MRS. J. M. FAGAN  
MRS. KELLY  
JOSEPH KEEFE  
ANN COX  
WILLIAM J. EDWARDS  
MARY HIRSCHAUER  
MARIE O'BRIEN  
JOHN W. GALLAGHER  
JOHN HICKEY  
MARGARET HICKEY  
LAWRENCE I. BURKE  
MILDRED MacKENZIE  
DANIEL DOLAN  
HELEN FILLIAN  
MARY O'NEILL  
DENNIS DWYER

HUGH O'NEILL  
MARY McKEON  
MARY VINCENT  
MRS. E. McHUGH  
KATHERINE KARNEY  
F. C. SCHWEINFURTH  
ROSE A. THURSTON  
JAMES SYNNOTT  
ANNA McCaffery  
THOMAS D. ADAMS  
MRS. M. COAKLEY  
CATHERINE DANIELS  
CATHERINE SCHOBEL  
FRANCES HABERMANN  
CATHERINE M. J. RPKA  
JOHN STREILE  
JANE LYONS  
NELLIE M. NIHILL  
EMMA ETHEL FORBES  
ALFRED NEVISON  
DANIEL C. LYONS  
MARGARET HICKEY  
MICHAEL F. MANNING  
MR. WICKHELM  
FRANK RECTENWALD, Sr.

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

Amen,



THE IMPRESSIVE CRUCIFIXION SCENE IN "VERONICA'S VEIL"

## America's Passion Play

# "VERONICA'S VEIL"

### DATES OF PERFORMANCES

#### CHILDREN'S PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft. . . . .	February	16
Saturday Aft. . . . .	February	22
Sunday Aft. . . . .	February	23
Saturday Aft. . . . .	March	1
Sunday Aft. . . . .	March	2
Saturday Aft. . . . .	March	8
Saturday Aft. . . . .	March	15

#### ADULT PERFORMANCES

Sunday Aft. . . . .	March	9
Sunday Eve. . . . .	March	9
Tuesday Eve. . . . .	March	11
Thursday Eve. . . . .	March	13
Sunday Aft. . . . .	March	16
Sunday Eve. . . . .	March	16
Tuesday Eve. . . . .	March	18
Thursday Eve. . . . .	March	20
Sunday Aft. . . . .	March	23
Sunday Eve. . . . .	March	23
Tuesday Eve. . . . .	March	25
Thursday Eve. . . . .	March	27
Sunday Aft. . . . .	March	30
Sunday Eve. . . . .	March	30
Tuesday Eve. . . . .	April	1
Thursday Eve. . . . .	April	3
Sunday Aft. . . . .	April	6
Sunday Eve. . . . .	April	6
Tuesday Eve. . . . .	April	8
Thursday Eve. . . . .	April	10
Saturday Aft. . . . .	April	12
Sunday Aft. . . . .	April	13
Sunday Eve. . . . .	April	13
Tuesday Eve. . . . .	April	15
Wednesday Eve. . . . .	April	16

SIXTEENTH SEASON. Performances Every Sunday Afternoon and Evening; Tuesday and Thursday Evenings DURING LENT. From March 9th to April 16th, inclusive. The Most Soul-Stirring, Inspiring, Dramatic Spectacle Depicting the Betrayal, Death and Crucifixion of Christ Ever Staged.

### A SPOKEN DRAMA

## At St. JOSEPH'S AUDITORIUM

Fourteenth Street and Central Avenue

### UNION CITY, N. J.

(Formerly West Hoboken, N. J.)

Tickets sold in advance. WEEKDAY EVENING PRICES: 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. SUNDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING PRICES: \$1.00, \$1.50 and \$2.00 All Seats Reserved.

Directions for reaching auditorium: From Newark, Elizabeth and other New Jersey towns, take Hudson Tubes at Newark to Journal Square, Jersey City, then Boulevard bus north to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

From Uptown New York, Pennsylvania and Grand Central Depots: Go to Hudson Tubes. 33rd Street and Broadway. take train to Journal Square, then Boulevard bus north to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

SPECIAL SERVICE: During the production of "Veronica's Veil" special cars marked Summit Avenue run from Lackawanna Station, Hoboken, to Fourteenth Street, Union City.

Special buses marked No. 20 at Fourteenth Street, Hoboken, connecting with ferries from 23rd Street, New York, run directly to the auditorium. One fare.

Special buses run from Journal Square to Fourteenth Street.

Special cars and buses leave St. Joseph's Auditorium for Hudson Terminal, Journal Square and 14th Street, Hoboken, after every performance.

TELEPHONE PALISADE 9800. PASSION PLAY NEWS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION. COPIES FREE. WRITE TO REV. ISIDORE L. SMITH, C.P., 269 Central Avenue, Union City, N. J.

NOTE: There are many Passion Plays, but only one "VERONICA'S VEIL." Every Catholic family should witness this wondrous production.



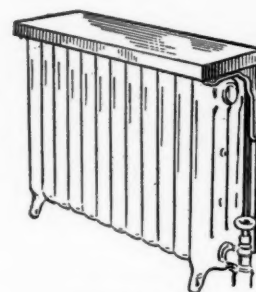
## WINDSOR Radiator Enclosures and Shields

THE most distressing problem in the Church, Rectory or home has been the radiator. Necessary, but unsightly. Serviceable in heating, but destructive in smudging and soiling walls and expensive decorations. The scientific construction of WINDSOR enclosures collects the minute dust particles so destructive to decorative beauty and keeps the walls, ceilings and drapes clean and fresh. They are made in Ecclesiastical and many other designs with a wide selection of imported grille. Low in cost, they bring amazing new beauty to any interior.

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Particular Attention Given to Recessed Radiation



MODERN SHIELD

Made of 14 gauge furniture steel. Finished in 5 coats of baked-on enamel in any wood grain or flat color.

## WHO WILL DIE TONIGHT?

THOUSANDS! Who they shall be, no one knows. I, myself, may be among them. From my heart I pray God that when the summons comes, no matter when or where, I may be ready to give an account of my stewardship.

Before I died I must settle my affairs. The things that concern my soul are of chief importance and must come first. I have today in which to get ready. Tomorrow may be too late.

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

### LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to *PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED*, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ (\$ \_\_\_\_\_) for the purpose of the Society, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of *PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED*, taking his receipt therefor within \_\_\_\_\_ months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19\_\_\_\_

Signed \_\_\_\_\_  
Witness \_\_\_\_\_  
Witness \_\_\_\_\_  
Witness \_\_\_\_\_

## Painless Giving

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish.

ADDRESS: *PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC.*,  
THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.



# For Christ's Cause: Three Suggestions

**1** **R**EADERS of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comforts they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

## MISSION NEEDS

**2** **N**OT ONLY do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300. per year is required for the support of an aspirant. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000., the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

## STUDENT BURSES

**3** **I**T HAS been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

*I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of . . . . . (\$ . . . . .) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.*

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever remembrance you care to make.

## YOUR LAST WILL

**Your Cooperation Solicited! Address:  
Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.**

# Passionist Chinese Mission Society

MEMBERS OF THIS SOCIETY ARE ENROLLED AS PERPETUAL BENEFACTORS OF THE PASSIONIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA, AND PARTICIPATE IN THE FOLLOWING BENEFITS:

**While Living:** One Holy Mass every day of the year; a High Mass in every Passionist Monastery throughout the world on these Feasts of the Church:

Jan. 1, The Circumcision	Aug. 25, St. Bartholomew
Jan. —, Holy Name of Jesus	Sept. 8, Nativity of Mary
Feb. 2, Purification of Mary	Sept. 22, St. Matthew
Feb. 24, St. Matthias	Oct. 28, Sts. Simon and Jude
May 1, Sts. Philip and James	Nov. 30, St. Andrew
May 3, Finding of the Holy Cross	Dec. 21, St. Thomas
July 25, St. James	Dec. 26, St. Stephen
	Dec. 27, St. John, Evangelist

**After Death** One Holy Mass on every day of the year; in every Passionist Monastery in the world, Holy Mass and the Divine Office for the Dead on the first day of every month, and High Mass of Requiem with Funeral Rites and Divine Office for the Dead within the Octave of All Souls Day.

**Furthermore:** Both the Living and the Dead Benefactors share in the Special Prayers recited every day by all Passionist Communities. In particular, they share in all the Masses, Prayers and Good Works of the Passionist Missionaries in China.

**P**ERPETUAL MEMBERSHIP in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society is given in consideration of a LIFE SUBSCRIPTION to THE SIGN, the Official Organ of the Passionist Missions in China. Both the Living and the Dead may be enrolled as Perpetual Benefactors. The price of a Life Subscription is \$50.00. *It may be paid on the installment plan in amounts to suit your own convenience.*

**L**ONG AFTER you are forgotten even by your own, membership in the Passionist Chinese Mission Society will entitle you to the spiritual helps you may need. \* \* \* \* As for your deceased friends and relatives, what better gift than enrollment in this Society?

PLEASE WRITE TO:

**The Passionist Missionaries**

Care of THE SIGN

Union City

New Jersey

